

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND  
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1849.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

Price Fourpence.  
Stamped Edition, Fivepence.

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**BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.**—The GALLERY with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**  
The Forty-Eighth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall-Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.  
Admittance, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence.  
GEORGE FRIPP, Secretary.

**THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**  
The Eighteenth Annual Exhibition of this Society is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, from 9 o'clock till dusk. Admission 1s.  
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

**MR. CHARLES SELBY'S EVENTS TO BE REMEMBERED** in the HISTORY of ENGLAND, with portraits of the Kings and Queens by living models.—Mr. CHARLES SELBY will give the above illustrated entertainment at the Music Hall, Store Street, on Wednesday evening, June 30, commencing at half-past eight.—Tickets to be had of all the principal Music-sellers. Stalls to be had only of Mr. C. Ollivier, 41, New Bond Street; and of Mr. R. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street. Private boxes may be taken at the hall.—Mr. CHARLES SELBY will also give the entertainment at Crosby Hall, Monday, 5th July, at Peckham, Tuesday, 6th July, at Store Street, Wednesday, 7th July, and at the Assembly Rooms, Croydon, Thursday, 8th July.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CXC.**—ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before Thursday, the 1st, and not later than Saturday, the 3rd of July.  
London: Longman, Brown, and Co., 39, Paternoster Row.

## GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES AND OF SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS. MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

LECTURES ON GOLD.  
In consequence of a request from the Council of the Society of Arts, the necessity of which has been urged upon the Society by intending Emigrants, it has been arranged that the following course of Lectures should be given on GOLD, with a view to the INSTRUCTION OF EMIGRANTS ABOUT TO PROCEED TO AUSTRALIA:—

WEDNESDAY, 30th June.—The Geology of Australia, with especial reference to the Gold Regions. By J. BECHE JUKES, M.A., F.G.S., of the Geological Survey, Author of "Sketches on the Physical Structure of Australia."  
FRIDAY, 2nd July.—On our Knowledge of Australian Rocks, as derived from their Organic Remains. By EDWARD FORBES, F.R.S.

MONDAY, 5th July.—The Chemical Properties of Gold, and the Mode of distinguishing it from other Substances resembling it. By LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., F.R.S.

WEDNESDAY, 7th July.—Gold Mining and Washing. By WAR-RINGTON SMYTH, M.A., F.G.S.

THURSDAY, 8th July.—The Metallurgical Treatment and Assaying of Gold Ores. By JOHN PERCY, M.D., F.R.S.

FRIDAY, 9th July.—The History and Statistics of Gold. By ROBERT HUNT, Keeper of Mining Records.

Tickets to the whole course, at 3s. each, to be had at the Museum of Geology, Jernyn Street, daily, between 10 and 5 o'clock. The number of Tickets is limited to 550.

H. T. DE LA BECHE, Director.

**UNIVERSITY HALL, Gordon Square, London.**  
—The office of Principal of this Institution having become vacant, the Council are ready to receive applications and testimonials from gentlemen disposed to undertake the duties. The Hall is established for the residence of Students of University College, London, under the immediate superintendence of the Principal. Applications and testimonials to be addressed to the Council at the Hall.

By order, D. DAVISON, Hon. Sec.  
London, 24th June, 1852.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

His Grace the President has kindly directed the Grounds of Chiswick House to be opened for the reception of the Visitors to the Society's Gardens at the NEXT EXHIBITION, on SATURDAY, the 10th JULY. Tickets are issued at this Office, price 5s.; or at the Garden, in the afternoon of the 10th July, at 7s. 6d. each. Respectable Strangers, or residents in the country, who will forward their addresses in writing to the Vice-Secretary, 21, Regent Street, on or before Thursday, the 8th of July, may obtain an authority to procure Tickets.—21, Regent Street, London.

**A GRAND FANCY BAZAAR** will be held in the ROYAL HOSPITAL, GREENWICH, in aid of the QUEEN ADELAIDE NAVAL FUND, for the Relief of the Orphan Daughters of Officers of the Royal Navy and Marines, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, June 29th and 30th, 1852.

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN;  
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER; H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT; H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

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\*Ladies who will preside at Stalls.  
By the kind permission of Admiral Sir Charles Adam, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and the Colonel Commandant of Marines, the Band of the Royal Marines, and the Juvenile Band of the Royal Hospital Schools, will be in attendance, and perform throughout the day.

The Gates of the Hospital will be opened at One o'clock. Contributions will be received by Ladies Presiding at Stalls, or by the Secretary of the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, up to the 29th inst.

Tickets of Admission One Shilling Each (available for one day only), may be obtained of all respectable Music Sellers and Stationers in London, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Deptford.

By order, ALLEN STONEHAM, Secretary.

## BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th days of September next.

UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE OF  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT.  
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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

PRESIDENT,  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD LEIGH.  
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

## REVIEWS.

*The Literature of Italy, from the Origin of the Italian Language to the Death of Boccaccio.* By Leonard Francis Simpson. Bentley.

LORD BACON noted literary history as deficient, and since his time but little has been done, in this country at least, to remedy the defect. Even of our own literature we have no complete account. Since the days of Warton and Tyrwhitt, much has been effected, indeed, in illustrating particular authors and periods; but we are still without a work which can pretend to the name of a literary history. With regard to foreign literature matters are still worse, and in this branch of history we are certainly behind most other European nations. Under these circumstances a really good account of Italian literature would have been welcome. It has many claims upon our attention. The sole fact of its being the earliest modern literature with any just pretensions to the name, entitles it, independently of its intrinsic merits, to a place among the studies of every admirer of the *belles lettres*. The Englishman, in particular, will hardly be able justly to appreciate his native poets unless he possesses some acquaintance with the Italian. Chaucer took several of his pieces from them. The father of our poetry undoubtedly visited Italy, and probably in the train of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, in 1368; a circumstance, by the way, to which Mr. Simpson does not allude when recording that event, though far more interesting to the English reader than the fact of Froissart being in that prince's suite. We may trace the Italian influence in some of our greatest subsequent poets, in Surrey, Spenser, and Milton. After Milton's time the Italian taste gave way to the French, but hardly to the advantage of our literature. The English genius has, perhaps, more conformity with the Italian than with that of any other people. Both are more serious than the French, less heavy than the German; both have a relish for that undefinable thing called humour, which scarcely exists in Germany, and in France is altogether wanting. There is even considerable similarity in the rhythm of the two languages, and the English and Italian blank verse are undoubtedly the best in Europe.

But though there is room among us for a good history of Italian literature, we can hardly award to Mr. Simpson's book the praise of having filled up the gap. It is faulty in design, and jejune and meagre in the execution. A great portion of it is filled with dry political details, too short to be interesting, and whose connexion with the subject one does not always clearly perceive. As an exception to this remark, the story of Rienzi is told at considerable length; but it is so well known from the works of Gibbon and other writers, that it should hardly have been allowed to occupy thirty or forty pages in so brief a sketch of a great subject as the present volume contains. With regard to the more purely literary portion of his task, Mr. Simpson seems scarcely to possess the taste and judgment requisite for its adequate execution. We find little æsthetical or critical feeling; little that induces the reader to think that the author fully appreciates the master-pieces which he describes. For a critic of poetry

Mr. Simpson is somewhat unfortunate in the choice of his epithets and expressions. Thus he characterizes the celebrated episode of Ugolino as recording his fate "with a *terse* energy that is *almost* frightful." On another occasion he describes the Emperor Frederick as fighting the Pope with his right hand, and aiming well-directed blows at the Lombard League with his left—a mode of illustration which savours rather too strongly of the prize ring. And though, as he tells us that he has passed some years in Italy, we can hardly presume to question his knowledge of the language, yet we occasionally meet with passages which, to say the least, betray but little critical accuracy. Thus he translates Muratori's description of Guido delle Colonne as "il rimatore più terzo (terso) tra i suoi contemporanei," by "Muratori styles him the *first poet* of his century," instead of, "the *tersest* versifier among his contemporaries;" which is quite a different thing.

In addition to some account of the rise and progress of the language, a good treatise on the Italian literature should also contain an inquiry into the different characteristics of classical, and of modern, or romantic taste, and into the origin and causes of the latter, such as Christianity, the papal power, feudalism, chivalry; as well as an investigation of the different species of versification, rhyme, &c. Mr. Simpson dispatches the language in five short pages; whilst on the other subjects mentioned he is totally silent. Brief as are his remarks on the origin of the Italian tongue, we cannot say that we concur in them. Mr. Simpson adopts the theory of Muratori, that modern Italian is the result of a mixture of Latin and German. The investigations of philologists tend, however, to show that the change of structure in modern languages is rather to be attributed to internal causes, and the effects of time, than to the operation of any one language upon another. One element for the decision of the question is wanting—we do not know what the common tongue of Italy was during the classical ages. Our knowledge of Latin is bounded by the works that have been preserved, and we are consequently acquainted only with the literary language of Rome. Yet we get glimpses which show that the popular and provincial language was something very different from this. We find in Plautus words that were proscribed by the classical writers; such, for instance, as *minaciæ*, which we find preserved in the Italian *minaccia*, *factor* in *fattore*, &c. We know, too, that even the educated Romans did not always pronounce as they wrote. Final consonants were not only imperfectly sounded, but sometimes even entirely mute, as we may observe in the case of *m* before a word beginning with a vowel (*Cujus non hederæ circūiere caput*, Prop.), as well as in the syllable *us* in the ancient poets, which is made short, though the following word begin with a consonant. Upon this principle we have the Italian affirmative particle *si* from *sic*, *però* from *per hoc*. Letters, also, as in most languages, were frequently permuted, as *o* and *u* (*salvom* for *salvum*, &c.), *s* and *p* (*isso* for *ipso*, whence the Italian *esso*), *b* and *v*, &c. There was, too, the capricious use or rejection of the aspirate. Muratori makes several admissions which militate very strongly against his own theory. Thus he allows that Latin was corrupted with Gothic before the irruption of the Goths into Italy. In fact, the ancient Latin language seems to have been mixed with some Teutonic dialect before the

foundation of Rome. Muratori's account, too, of the introduction of the articles into the Italian tongue, which forms one of its most marked distinctions from the ancient (written) Latin, is very unsatisfactory and improbable. He says that the Latins, hearing the Goths or Lombards use these definite particles, as *der König*, &c., with some variation for the plural, began themselves to say *lo, la, li*, instead of *ille rex, illa mulier*. But, in the first place, we can hardly believe that the common folk of Italy knew German enough to understand this; and if they did, the more natural supposition is, that they would have adopted the German particle. Further, on Muratori's own showing, this change of *illo* into *lo*, &c., does not amount to the introduction of an article, but merely an alteration in its form. To these few remarks may be added the more general observation, that the settlements of the Goths were in the north of Italy. Their incursions into the midland and southern parts, where modern Italian had its birth, were not of that permanent nature to influence the language. Without, therefore, going quite the length of those who affirm that Italian, in pretty nearly its present state, was the popular language of Italy during the times of classical antiquity, we are nevertheless disposed to think that the changes its structure has undergone since that period were far more the result of time than of any mixture with a Teutonic dialect, though the latter may to some extent have influenced its vocabulary. After the decay of the Roman metropolis and its literature, the classical language began to be gradually superseded by that of the people, and especially of the country-folk; and when this came to be written, and ultimately formed into a literary language, the variations from the classical standard, arising from the corrupt pronunciation and spelling of the provinces, would of course be very important and striking. We have an analogous case in the modern Greek, which is chiefly founded on the dialect of the country people, or *Æolo-Doric*. When Mr. Simpson refers to the English language for what he calls 'an analogous precedent,' we must beg leave to dissent. The circumstances are wholly different. There may be a slight analogy between the Danish conquest of England, and the Gothic of the north of Italy; but between the latter and the Norman conquest, none whatever. In the former case we have a comparatively barbarous people invading a more civilized one; in the latter this circumstance is reversed. What effect had the Danish invasion on the Anglo-Saxon language? Assuredly a very slight one. It may have added a few words to our vocabulary, and have planted a hundred or two provincialisms in our northern counties, which have never been incorporated with pure English. The Norman-French had undoubtedly more influence, though chiefly on the vocabulary. But great pains were taken to engraft that language upon the Anglo-Saxon. Even before the Norman conquest, it was customary with the higher classes to send their children to France to be educated. After that event, Norman-French was sedulously taught in all the schools; the laws were written in it, and it became the language not only of jurisprudence but of literature. Chaucer and other writers did all they could to promote its use and incorporate its idioms. Can Mr. Simpson point out anything analogous between Gothic and Latin? Yet, after all, the influence of Norman-French



on Anglo-Saxon was much less than is commonly supposed. The researches of modern philologists tend to show that it had but little effect upon the structure of our tongue. The other low German languages, as well as the Danish and Swedish, though exempt from such influences as the Norman conquest, exhibit similar instances of simplification of the grammar of the parent stock.

The three great figures which chiefly fill Mr. Simpson's canvas are of course Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. It is remarkable that none of this great triumvirate seems to have promised himself fame from the work that ultimately secured it. Dante, in his treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' speaks with contempt of his native dialect, and even began his great poem in Latin. It appears from a passage in the 'Vita Nuova,' that he wrote that work in Italian only to please his friend, Guido Cavalcanti, who had a dislike to Latin. Petrarch, in answer to a letter of Boccaccio's, with which the latter had forwarded him a copy of Dante's poem, appears to think very lightly of his own Italian verses, and to rest his fame on his Latin works. Boccaccio, in his later years, regretted having written the 'Decameron,' not only on account of its immorality, but for what he considered its futility. The apprehension that these works would perish for want of a language to preserve them proved unfounded. Their own excellence cast and stamped the idiom which was to convey them to posterity. The 'Divina Commedia' seems to have become immediately popular, in the most extended sense of the term. This is evident from several anecdotes of Dante. It is related somewhere that as he was walking one day in the streets he fell in with a muleteer who was chanting his poem, but stopped every now and then in the middle of a verse to goad his beasts, and cry "arrhi!" the Italian "come up!" Dante, whose sensitive ears could not endure this mutilation of his verses, struck the man over the shoulders, exclaiming, "I did not put in that arrhi." His popularity is likewise evinced by the following tolerably well known story related by Boccaccio, and recorded by Mr. Simpson:—

"The life of Dante (Boccaccio's), which is very brief, being little more than an outline, contains a passage which illustrates the reverence, amounting to awe, in which Dante was held by the lower classes after the appearance of his poem. Walking one day in the street, Dante had to pass in front of a doorway, at which a group of women were assembled for a friendly gossip. On his approach, one of them put her finger on her lips, and exclaimed in a mysterious voice to her companions, 'Hush, that is the man who can descend to the infernal regions and come away when he likes, and then writes what he has seen!' 'True,' said another, 'it must be so, and that is why his face is so swarthy and his beard so black and curly—from the heat and smoke he has had to go through.' Dante, says Boccaccio, who overheard them, smiled, and went on his way."

The same fact is also illustrated by the foundation of a public chair at Florence for the expounding of his poem, and which was first filled by Boccaccio. This popularity may be partly explained by the subject of his poem, which is so intimately connected with the history of his native country. Dante must have felt a sort of satisfaction in placing some of his characters in the 'Inferno' similar to that of Pope, when he soured the heroes of the 'Dunciad' in the mud of Fleet-ditch. His hold on the public ear was, however, doubtless chiefly acquired by the brief and

terrible energy of his descriptions, which stamps each of them on the mind as an individual and never-to-be-forgotten image, and whose force is so much enhanced by his *terzetti*, clinching and finishing off each portion. Petrarch, on the other hand, in spite of his intimacy with kings and emperors, and of his coronation in the Roman capitol, does not seem to have enjoyed much popularity among the great bulk of the people. The following anecdote of his declining days in some measure attests this, though the actors in the story were thoughtless and, probably, ignorant young men:—

"To re-establish his health, Petrarch removed to Arquà, a village about eight miles from Padua, and most pleasantly situated at the foot of the Euganean hills, and sheltered from the cold blasts of the north wind. There, in a small village surrounded by vineyards and orchards, Petrarch sought that repose of which he stood so much in need. His pen, however, was not idle. It was here that he wrote his treatise 'De ignorantia sui ipsius et multorum.' The origin of this treatise is curious. Whilst residing at Venice, Petrarch was disgusted at the philosophical theories promulgated by the young men of that city. Adopting the philosophy of Aristotle, they spoke in the most disrespectful terms of religion. Petrarch publicly expressed his disapprobation, and was not sparing of his censure. At a meeting held by these heathen youths, they decided that Petrarch was 'virum bonum sine literis'—a good well-meaning man, but of little learning—a sentence which, trivial as it was, emanating from such a quarter, caused some sensation at Venice. It aroused the indignation of Boccaccio and other friends of the poet, who shrugged his shoulders and smiled at the whole affair. His friends took the matter more to heart, and induced him to write the treatise in question."

Petrarch was the poet of the higher orders. We detect the difference between him and Dante in the manners, and even in the personal appearance of the two poets. The independent and perhaps somewhat rough carriage of Dante, his grisly beard and adust complexion, contrast strongly with the elegant but rather *petit maître* manners and appearance of Petrarch. These are shown in the following extract:—

"Of elegant manners and handsome person, he was courted for his talents, and was readily admitted into the best circles. His love of study alone saved him from being whirled away in the current of the most dissipated court in Europe. Yet, for a time, Petrarch was a clerical dandy—we have his own word for it—the greater part of the morning being devoted to his hair-dresser."

The authority for this is the following passage in one of Petrarch's letters to his brother Gerard:—

"Thou wilt remember how careful we were then about our apparel; what trouble we took in dressing, morning and evening; what anxiety lest our hair should get out of order, or be disarranged by the wind; how we dreaded a crowd, lest the folds of our robes should be displaced. And what shall I say as to our shoes? How they tortured our feet instead of covering them! For my part, I confess that I should have lost the use of them altogether, if I had not finally preferred slightly offending the eyesight of others to the destruction of sinews and tendons."

Petrarch's theme, too, was somewhat out of reach of the multitude, who could not comprehend the ideal sentimentality of his passion for Laura. This, however, was a new trait which he introduced into poetry; for the erotic poets of antiquity had all been more or less gross and sensual, and the love verses of the Troubadours were far from platonic. Yet the lady who inspired this pas-

sion was a married and highly domestic one, who, whilst Petrarch was singing his raptures, made her husband the father of eleven children. The lady who inspired a man of genius and learning with so constant yet so unrewarded a passion must assuredly have possessed some most extraordinary attractions; and that it was her personal charms which first drew his attention appears from the manner of his falling in love in the church of St. Claire. It was love at first sight. Yet we suspect that some of her features would hardly have found favour in the eyes of modern taste. Her ebony eyebrows must have contrasted rather oddly with her golden locks; and then, too, we have some misgivings about her nose. It has been remarked that amidst all Petrarch's profuse descriptions of her person he never once alludes to this feature; and a learned Italian, named Gandini, published a treatise to prove that she had a crooked or broken nose, (*naso scavezzato*.) Fielding gives the same feature to Amelia; and we must confess to the weakness of having had the interest which we felt in that amiable and otherwise lovely heroine somewhat damped by this trait.

By the way, the churches seem in those days, and for aught we know may be even now, very apt to give birth to the tender passion. Boccaccio, like Petrarch, first felt his more earthly and substantial love for his Fiammetta in a church; and from the character of the novelist it may be suspected that when he entered one in his early life, it was not for the purpose of adoring a virgin of wood or stone. His Fiammetta was a very different kind of mistress either from the Laura of Petrarch or the Beatrice of Dante.

Boccaccio seems to have felt, and willingly acknowledged, his inferiority as a poet to his two great contemporaries. Yet he rendered no slight service to Italian poetry by the invention of the *ottava rima*, which afterwards became the heroic verse of Italy. His feeling towards Dante amounted almost to veneration; and his affection for Petrarch displays a warm heart, without a particle of guile or envy. The errors of his youth were the effects of lively imagination. The 'Decameron,' of which he himself thought so lightly, not only fixed the Italian prose, but became one of the most popular books that Europe has ever seen, as appears by the following extract:—

"Few books can boast of such numerous readers, or so many commentators, as the 'Decamerone.' More than two hundred editions have been published in Italy—sixty in Venice alone—and it has been translated into every European language. The labours of the Roman Catholic priesthood to suppress it doubtless increased the circulation of the work. With an unsparing hand Boccaccio attacked the cupidity and laxity of morals of the priests and monastic orders of Italy."

"In the sixteenth century, the publication or sale of the 'Decamerone' was formally prohibited by the Council of Trent. For nearly a hundred years it circulated in manuscript copies throughout Italy. The first printed copy appeared in 1470. It was prohibited by Popes Paul IV. in 1555, and Pius IV. in 1559; but on the representation of Cosimo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, its republication was allowed by Pius V. in 1566, and Gregory XIII. in 1572, on the condition of certain passages being omitted and others modified. A committee of learned men was called together for that purpose, and the revised work was reprinted by the Giunti of Florence in 1573. It is known as the 'Edizione dei Deputati.' (In the regulations for its revision, it was decreed that no scandalous mention should be made of 'Preti, Frati, Abbati,



Abbadese, Monachi, Monache, Piovani, Proposti, Vescovi, o altre cose sacre, ma si mutassero i nomi, o si facesse in altro modo").

In 1582 Salviati was intrusted with the preparation of a new edition. These revised editions, however, were not held in high estimation by the majority of the reading public, and towards the end of the sixteenth century the unutilized work made its reappearance.

*The Search for Franklin: a Suggestion submitted to the British Public.* By Augustus Petermann, F.R.G.S. Longman and Co.

WHEN Mr. Petermann brought forward his plan, at a meeting of the Geographical Society, for the relief of Sir John Franklin, every one who had given his thoughts to the subject of Arctic expeditions was startled at the novelty of the scheme, and the weighty arguments by which it was supported. That hitherto all endeavours to rescue the lost explorers have resulted in advancing only to the spot which the *Erebus* and *Terror* passed six years ago, and that after so many gallant efforts, and an expenditure of no less than 500,000*l.*, we should have succeeded in exploring scarcely one-third of the region which must be searched before the fate of Franklin's Expedition can be set at rest, are facts speaking for themselves, and well may Mr. Petermann exclaim, "Will the English nation continue to send expedition after expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, through the most difficult and dangerous seas, and leave the most practicable line of search untried?"

It appears to be a general opinion that the vessels have been arrested somewhere north of the group of islands discovered by H.M.S. *Herald*. To reach that place four roads are open—Wellington Channel, Behring's Straits, the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen, and that between Spitzbergen and Novaia Zemlia. The first two have been tried with little success; the third is considered impracticable; and the fourth is that which Mr. Petermann has reason to believe is the one best calculated to lead to satisfactory results. Not only is the distance by that route much shorter, being, in fact, no farther than from Woolwich to New York, but the sea, in the beginning of the year, is more free from ice than in any other entrance into the great Polynia. Indeed, the latter is not merely a supposition based on isothermal lines and physical hypotheses, but a fact corroborated by the evidence of Parry, Wrangel, Pages, and especially Barentz, whose voyage, probably the best argument in favour of the plan, is now being republished by the Hakluyt Society.

Since Mr. Petermann has made known his scheme, he has been enabled to collect additional facts in favour of it; while the only objections raised against its practicability are entirely refuted by him in the publication before us.

"Some persons," he says, "have attempted to ridicule my plan on account of the *dark season*. My proposition as to the best time of the year when a vessel should start, referred to February and March; and I stated distinctly, 'vessels arriving in the Polar sea in February or March, just before or when the sun has made its appearance, might, if only once able to enter the Polar basin, easily traverse it to the opposite side before the power of the sun has set in motion the great ice-bearing current, and they would then have before them the whole summer in the fullest sunshine for carrying out the object of their voyage,' &c. These persons must be ignorant of the fact, that the sun appears on the 80th parallel in February, and does

not entirely disappear again till October: and they must also know little of the duration of twilight, and the occurrence of the Aurora Borealis. The Norwegians, indeed, are out fishing in the Spitzbergen Sea till November, and commence in February, and their fishing probably extends to as high a latitude as my proposed route.

"Others have asserted that the sea to the north of Behring's Straits was well known, and that the sea to the north of Novaia Zemlia and Siberia was quite the reverse. In the first place, I beg to differ from this assertion, inasmuch as I think the Russian navigators and explorers have not left us entirely ignorant of the latter region. Secondly, it is clear that to search for Sir John Franklin *effectually*, expeditions should not be limited to regions well known, but should also extend to those entirely unknown. And lastly, all we know of the sea to the north of Behring's Straits, and nearly as far as the New Siberian Islands, tends to show the existence of an extensive land, approaching the Asiatic continent sufficiently near to compress the sea into one of those narrow channels, which are well known to offer the greatest difficulties to Arctic navigation. Whereas, in the whole of the sea from New Siberia to Spitzbergen, everything tends to show the existence of a large Polar ocean, and the absence of land, in that region."

Another article contained in the pamphlet is devoted to the distribution of animals within the Arctic circle, and its bearing upon Sir J. Franklin's expedition. Having shown that the summer temperature is of the utmost consequence to the development of organised beings, and that animals abound where it is the highest (north-eastern Siberia), he continues:—

"The conclusion seems to be a reasonable one, that Franklin, ever since he entered Wellington Channel, has found himself in that portion of the Arctic regions where animals probably exist in greater plenty than in any other. Under these circumstances alone his party could exist as well as other inhabitants of the polar regions, but we must not forget, that in addition to the natural resources, they would in their vessels possess more comfortable and substantial houses than any native inhabitants of the same regions."

We heartily wish that such may be the case, and that our lost countrymen are there snugly awaiting the issue of Mr. Petermann's plan of rescue.

*Letter to the Lord Viscount Mahon, M.P., President of the Society of Antiquaries, on the Present State and Condition of the Society.* By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A. J. Russell Smith.

THE world of wise people is, at the present moment, being pitifully convulsed in consequence of a collision among the antiquaries. There is dire war waging between low prices and high prices, cocked-hats and plain beavers. The President, the Treasurer, and the Cocked-Hat Club are bent upon reducing the fees and trusting to Providence. Mr. Pettigrew and sundry members of considerable fame and equal prudence contend for heavy taxation, on the same principle that the income-tax is maintained by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—namely, the impossibility of getting on without it. Each party discharges sharp words and heavy figures at the other. Calm spectators, like ourselves, who do not aspire to the dignity of F.S.A., are highly edified by the grave and gentle features of the discussion, and sorry to hear from the disputants on both sides that the ancient and respectable Society to which they belong is in a bad way, and neither thriving nor useful. There must surely be some inherent venom concocted by antiquities, since all who

handle them become so very pugnacious. Naturalists, geologists, astronomers, geographers, chemists, philologists, have each their *one* Society, and can work together in it harmoniously; but antiquaries must have three, and then contrive to squabble in all. They have their 'Society,' their 'Association,' and their 'Institute'—the two last locomotive, the first stationary, if it be not retrogressive. Besides these, there would appear to be a number of respectable antiquaries who are independent and prefer doing for themselves. The world in general fondly believes that every eminent antiquary is necessarily an F.S.A. The practice seems to be, that, at some period in his life, an antiquary is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but, after this accession of dignity has been momentarily attained, the said Fellow resigns and retires. This is done by many on the score of expense, though the same excuse does not prevent their paying 4*l.* a year for the mystic letters F.R.S., even when they can scarcely claim any extraordinary enthusiasm in favour of 'natural knowledge.'

With the merits of this quarrel we do not propose to interfere, and take neither one side nor the other. But there are points in the discussion which concern learned societies in general, and upon which we would offer a few remarks.

First, as to the main subject of dispute—the reduction of fees, and annual payments. Mr. Pettigrew observes, that scientific and literary societies, "like benevolent institutions, are mainly supported by the same individuals—they belong to classes distinguished either by their sensibilities or their intelligence." This is very true, and is one reason why, if it were possible, the annual subscription and entrance payments to learned bodies should be reduced to a minimum. At present they are heavy taxes on a class of gentlemen, many of whom can ill afford to spare the money. The evil is not confined to antiquaries. Unfortunately, however, the difficulty of conducting the business of societies without heavy payments can be demonstrated as clearly with respect to scientific bodies as Mr. Pettigrew appears to have done, in so far as the Antiquarian is concerned. Surely there is some way of rectifying this.

Societies, if effective, are either publishing associations, or debating assemblies, or library-forming unions, or bodies which confer position by the honour of their membership. Usually they profess to combine two, or more, or all of these characters. With the single exception of the Royal Society, however, there is none which can hold out the title of fellowship as an exclusive honour. Any intelligent and honourable gentleman, properly proposed and seconded, whose attachment to science and literature may be of the vaguest kind, has no difficulty in becoming a member of any learned Society, except the Royal. We see no objections to this; on the contrary, we believe the result to be beneficial. In few of our Societies is there any debate maintained at the meetings of much consequence or interest. To two or three, men go to listen for pleasure or information; at the majority, the desire to keep up a show of support induces some half-dozen of benevolent individuals, with spare evenings at their disposal, to endure the business of the meeting. A pleasant chat over a cup of good tea afterwards is their reward. Very few of the book-collecting learned Societies are able to keep their libraries up to the mark, from want of



funds. And several of those whose greatest value depended upon the publication of important transactions are, from the same cause, either printing but seldom, and with insufficient illustrations, or not at all. The *prestige* in favour of titular fellowships is fast dying away as the gap between them and the fellowship of the Royal Society is widening. Unless the Societies fulfil their intentions of publication, of forming collections and effective libraries, and of interesting discussion, they will come to a full stop ere the rise of another generation.

We believe that such a result would be very deleterious to the well-being of science and literature. Is there no way of preventing the calamity? Let the principal Societies be concentrated in one building; their libraries brought into approximation; their officials reduced to as few as necessary for the efficient charge of the institution and its departments; their proceedings (as distinguished from their transactions) issued in a combined form as a single periodical publication; their fees for membership be revised and reduced as much as is consistent with their efficiency; their hours of meeting so regulated that their mutual convenience may be served. Let the smaller and subordinate Societies be amalgamated with the larger bodies professing the same objects; and let the State do the good service to the cause of science and learning, to furnish, free of rent, an institute-building worthy of the nation, and we firmly believe that all the Societies of importance, whether Antiquarian, Scientific, or Literary, may be brought into a healthy working condition, with results from which the nation could not fail to benefit. Somerset House would serve this great purpose very well; the government offices now there would be much more convenient concentrated about Whitehall. *Verbum sapienti sat.*

*Paris; Studien und Bilder.* Von F. Szavardy. Berlin: F. Duncker. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE work before us is from the pen of a Hungarian gentleman who lived in France since 1848, and who now presents us with the result of his studies of French, or, more properly speaking, *Parisian* life, politics, and literature. The work has been announced these many months; its non-appearance rather than its appearance was calculated to excite surprise. We learn now that its publication was indefinitely adjourned after Bonaparte's *coup d'état* of the 2nd December. Herr Szavardy discusses Bonaparte's character and the chances of his impending usurpation. In October, 1851, he foresaw the *coup d'état*; but he believed, and he expressed the belief, that it would not and could not succeed. Nothing could be more natural—nothing more excusable. Yet it appears that so great is the farsightedness of German politicians, that the publication of Herr Szavardy's book immediately after the event, whose success it happened to deny, was simply impossible. Thus much appears from the author's letter to the publisher in the appendix. The critics on the Rhine and the Elbe must be very formidable persons! In our opinion it requires very little of the milk of human kindness to pardon an isolated (and let us say, a very pardonable) mistake for the sake of so much spirited writing, and of so much acute reasoning and minute observation as is incorporated in Herr Szavardy's 'Life in Paris.'

Max Schlesinger's 'Town Travels' is the best foreign book which we ever read on London. Szavardy's 'Paris' is not much inferior, though very different in its features and the mode and manner in which the subject is handled. Dr. Schlesinger's success is perhaps owing to the modesty of his pretensions. He proposed to portray London as he found it; while he described the miracles of the British Metropolis, he made no attempt at explaining them. Herr Szavardy's ambition takes a higher flight, and if his success is less complete, it is not because he did less, but because he attempted more. The subject too of his studies is, to a certain extent, less practicable. Whatever foreigners may say about the inscrutable mysteries of English life and English character, it appears that the difficulties *can* be mastered. If our doors are slow to open, they do open sometimes, and every nook and corner is revealed to the eye. If the stranger sees anything, he sees all. The case is different with Paris. In Paris life, as in French houses, nothing is more easy than to overstep the threshold and become familiar with the stairs and the *salle de conversation*. The acquaintance of days is as intimate as the acquaintance of years. But there is a boundary which it seems almost impossible to overstep; there are recesses into which we cannot penetrate; boudoirs, *cabinets secrets*, and backstairs in the houses; after-thoughts and secret motives in the mind, which baffle all scrutiny and defy all penetration. To know that all cannot be known is the great characteristic of the initiated in Parisian life. Hence Herr Szavardy is frequently cut short in his explanations, in which cases he honestly admits that 'there is more behind,' but that it is 'inexplicable,' and 'indéfinissable.' This too shows that he knows the object of his investigations as far as it can be known, for none but the comparatively ignorant can profess to understand a nation which is simply unintelligible to itself. He tells us all that a man can tell us, who is neither a jesuit confessor nor an agent of the secret police. He discourses always with spirit and sometimes with eloquence on the town itself, on its male and female inhabitants, on the strangers in Paris, and on Paris street life. A peculiarly interesting chapter is devoted to the hawkers of trumpery wares, and the 'eloquence' with which they recommend their goods. Thus, for instance:—

"A well-dressed German addresses the passers-by somewhat in the following manner,—Gentlemen, I am sure you go now and then to the Palais Royal to see Mons. Houdin's tricks of *léger de main*; that is to say, you fling your money away to be deceived by a charlatan and some of his associates. Now, I will show you a trick which I am sure Houdin did not show you. I will convert this piece of five francs into a copper coin of two sous, and I am sure I shall gain your confidence. But before I proceed to this metamorphosis I have an important and interesting communication to make. Our arts and manufactures are unequalled, and here—holding forth a brilliant bronze chain—here is their greatest wonder! Please, gentlemen, to inspect this *chef-d'œuvre* of jewellery. Consider its taste, its tenuity, and strength, and you will admit that twenty francs is a mere nothing compared to its value. I will not, however, impose upon you, and I declare that this chain is only of gilt copper. But it's good solid gilding. Thirty francs to the man who proves it to be otherwise. But for all that, I do not ask twenty francs,—I would not take them if you were to offer them, nay not even one half of the sum. Now, I am sure you fancy the price is five francs! Again you are mistaken! This miraculous chain costs— But before I tell

you the price, I will convince you, by ocular demonstration, of the dressiness of the article. I hold it to my waistcoat, for all the world as if I had a watch, and now be so good as to tell me whether I may not go and do the genteel at the Théâtre Français? Have a new hat, a nice coat, and this chain, and every one will take you at least for an ambassador. And the best is, if some thief were to steal your chain, you'd have the best of it, car *c'est le voleur qui est volé*, for the price of this chain is not even two francs; no, not even one. You may have it for ten sous. Don't stare at me, I'm not mad, though you may think so. I have a few chains left, and am resolved to part with them at a sacrifice. But having acquainted you with the ridiculous lowness of the figure, I cannot for one moment doubt that my chain is sold. Is it sold? How now, gentlemen? You are silent. Well then, just as you please. I will not stand on trifles, and I give it for eight sous. Now I am sure my chain is sold! Who dares to say it is not sold? *Mon Dieu!* Do you ask miracles at my hands? Go it for a miracle! I prefer ruin to the disgrace of pocketing my chain. Here it is for five sous! Here it is! Don't say it is not sold—I will not, I cannot believe it!"

The matter ends with the armed intervention of the police; and the merchant, 'at a sacrifice,' decamps. All this is true to the life, interesting even to those who are familiar with Paris, and instructive to the mere loungers in the Boulevard des Italiens.

A very lively chapter is devoted to the *Bourse*, that painted sepulchre, and to the gambling mania among the upper classes, and sometimes among the lower. A short extract will suffice to show the author's manner of treating his subject:—

"Need I say that the Paris Bourse is a noisy place? Assuredly not, for vociferating Jews and Frenchmen are great in all sorts of noise. To a stranger the scene is altogether novel and striking. The people seem mad. The operations at the Bourse are like the Italian game of *mora*; one hears nothing but numbers, and sees nothing but features working in the extreme of agitation. I give a thousand five per cents. at such and such a figure, cries one of the high priests. Done! replies another.—Two thousand! Done!—Five thousand! Done! That is all the conversation,—but there is enough of it. \* \* \*

"The five and three per cents., the Spanish loans, and some railway stock, form the chief basis of operations. Foreign stock is less in demand, its fluctuations being too many and too frequent. The women only, intent as they are upon violent emotions, have a hankering after 'foreign paper.' Of course the tender sex do not speculate *pour l'amour du jeu*. The women gamble just as the men do, only they play a higher and more venturesome game, and that, too, without difference of state and station. *Devant le jeu de Bourse toutes les femmes sont égales.* The cook, in her muslin dress, talks confidentially to the duchess or the banker's wife, or the *femme entretenue*, and many a piece of sound advice does the woman of the people give to her aristocratic neighbour. Since the establishment of the Republic, the women have been excluded from the galleries; they have established a peripatetic Bourse in one of the avenues of the square. Brokers inform them of all the transactions within, and execute the commissions of the female speculators.

"Some of my readers may perhaps remember the elegant broughams at the back of the Bourse, seated in which there were ladies mysteriously veiled, awaiting, as it would appear, the arrival of their lovers. To think that a Parisian woman should ever await a lover. Mole! Greenhorn! Barbarian! Know then, that those broughams are places of speculation. That's all. The charming creature's breath comes short, because the Rothschild loan is looking up; the sweet angel is in raptures because her *rentes* have had an addition of a few thousand francs; even the veil cannot hide her blushes, for she has triumphed—in a



bold speculation. Cupid flies from the stony generation whose hearts are proof against his arrows!"

Accounts of such a 'stony generation' must needs be incomplete. Much must remain unknown; more unsaid. In attempting to introduce his readers to Paris life, Herr Szavardy has succeeded as far as it was possible for any man to succeed. Discretion or ignorance have never once allowed him to go too far. The *Français peints par eux-mêmes* in their novels and farces may possibly be more real; but we doubt whether any two volumes will convey so much information and excite so much interest as Szavardy's 'Paris.'

*Journal of a Winter's Tour in India, with a Visit to the Court of Nepaul.* By the Hon. Capt. Francis Egerton, R.N. Murray.

This is the narrative of a journey to Katmandu, the capital of Nepaul, performed by Capt. Francis Egerton a few weeks previous to that of Mr. Oliphant, lately noticed by us at p. 445. It is written in a loose, pleasant, colloquial style, not remarkable for elegance of diction, and evidently the work of a freshman in the paths of literature. Desirous that nothing should be left unrecorded, the traveller begins by telling us how he finds himself "cooling his heels" at Southampton, while his "traps were being tumbled down in a truck" to the steamer; and a little further, in the overland route, we are told that "there was nothing worthy of notice" between Aden and Point de Galle, "except that Grosvenor was taken ill." There are, however, several amusing sketches of character between this and Nepaul, and unremitting attention is given throughout to "feeding," "tiffin," and "prog." At Calcutta the carnivorous adjutants attracted Capt. Egerton's attention:—

"The scene at the ghaut is hideous enough. When we saw it, three corpses were burning on separate piles, the half-consumed legs of one, and the head of another, sticking out from the burning wood; the blackened and shrivelled bodies, crackling among the flames, giving out an unctuous and filthy smell. A multitude of dirty adjutants, and disgusting looking vultures, were stalking about close by, hardly getting out of one's way, or else perched on the surrounding huts and houses, waiting for an appetite, or until the meal was sufficiently cooked—whilst some others were in the water, greedily pecking at and devouring what were perhaps human remains; the whole ground around being strewn with carrion, and bones of all kinds—human and animal. It was altogether about as revolting a scene as I ever saw; and is, I suppose, always taking place at low water. The adjutants are, as everybody knows, great cranes, with India-rubber throats, and cast-iron stomachs, which walk about Calcutta, and are extremely useful as scavengers. They eat anything, from a 32-pounder to a baby."

On reaching Katmandu the travellers were received with the honours due to visitors of rank:—

"Continuing our route, we met a portly gentleman, in a scarlet and gold jacket, English epaulettes, a native cap and feather, and strange-looking for trimmings above his elbows, who stated that he had been ordered out to receive us. After a few civilities he remounted his steed, and, followed by his suite, four or five ragged men, holding on by his pony's tail or mane, he preceded us into the town. We passed, on the right, a large summer-house and walled garden, belonging to the king; on the left, at a little distance, the arsenal and its attendant buildings; crossed a narrow bridge, over the shallow but wide river, having a gateway at each end of the bridge, surmounted by a kind of

coat of arms, with serpents or dragons for supporters, and enter the city of Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepaul. The houses are two or three stories high, built of red brick with tiled roofs; and the eaves, windows, and doorways, profusely ornamented with carved wood-work. Streets and houses, as far as we could see into them, seemed equally dirty—the former paved with brick, stone, or tiles. The most curious scene, however, was that in the principal square of the town. The place is a conglomeration of gaudily painted, richly, but most grotesquely carved temples, with great projecting eaves (just like the little porcelain temples one sees everywhere in the old china-shops at home), the roofs covered with plates of polished brass, and finished off with brass bell-shaped ornaments, besides innumerable little bells hanging from the eaves. Strange-looking granite statues of bulls, or fabulous animals, on low columns or pedestals, are mixed up with these temples, which seem to have been dropped by some Chinese magician here and there, without regard to order of any kind. A crowd of soldiers, in every variety of uniform, some few in native dress, but mostly in red or blue European uniform, with shakos covered with brass, not drawn up, but waiting for parade, and scattered all over the square, on the steps of the temples, in fact, in every direction, made a most extraordinary and animated scene. It was an exaggeration of anything I ever saw on the stage, and almost worth the journey from England for that alone. Our escort very unceremoniously cleared the way for us through the crowd, which formed a lane, and returned our stares with interest."

The following account of a visit to the Rajah and stroll through the town may be interesting to many of our readers:—

"Every minute or so during our visit, two men stationed among others behind the king's musnud, shook a kind of quiver full of ostrich feathers spangled with gold and silver, one of which each of them held high up, and four others waved fly-flapper-like affairs of, I suppose, horse-hair. The former are called moorchals, and are ensigns of royalty. After half-an-hour's sitting, presents were brought in. Each of us was led up to the Rajah in succession, and one of the court put a shawl over our shoulders, and gave us a cookhery, or country knife, each. The King then put some attar on our handkerchiefs, gave us each some pawn on a green leaf (no visit in these countries being considered correctly concluded without pawn and attar), and we took our leave, led, and stage-embraced as before. The square, in front of the palace, both going and coming, presented a most picturesque appearance. A large guard drawn up, kept a space clear of the crowd, which thronged the rear, and covered the steps of the temples like pyramids of white-robed people. A band made a considerable noise, complimentarily called a tune, at intervals; and, on entering and leaving the Durbar, an official shouted out something, which I believe to have been a list of the King's titles. During the whole interview, some latticed windows behind the King's seat were occasionally agitated, and a small child was once heard to squall. It was evidently the King's wives, anxious to get a peep at the strangers. We were glad that the Durbar people appeared in their native dresses, instead of the absurd costume they delight in wearing, which they consider as the correct European uniform, and in which they look regular Guys, whilst their proper dress became them amazingly. It was too hot in the sun for our black hats, so we went straight home from the Durbar. On comparing the presents which had been made to us, Grosvenor had received a velvet cap, a row of beads ornamented with gold, a knife and a country sword, and two handsome shawls: we had each a couple of shawls, of no value, and a knife. A little later, some of us went for a stroll through the town. As usual, two sepoys of the Nepaulese guard, not the Resident's escort, silently joined us as we passed the guard-house, and were very useful in keeping back the crowd,

which soon collected round us, and in helping us to bargain for some small articles we wished to purchase. The small shopkeepers were immensely diverted—so was the mob—at our making purchases, and paying for them in ready money, a system of barter being the usual one in Nepaul. They have not much money in cash; the only coin, if coin it can be called, that I saw in use in the country, being little square bits of copper. One shopkeeper had a small quantity of English goods in his store, such as needles, teapots, empty bottles, powder and shot, &c. &c. In another place I saw some calico with an English mark. There were quantities of brass and other metal pots, strings of red silk or cotton, little pictures of hideous deities, with looking-glasses at the backs, and other valuables. We also visited a rhinoceros, which they keep tied up in a yard; it was firmly secured to a post, by a chain round its neck, and by another one round its fore legs; they said it was much inclined to be mischievous. Further on, in a wooden cage, near the gate of the town, is a very savage leopard. Our stroll was, in fact, very amusing; the people are so different from anything one sees anywhere else."

An Indian pic-nic on a large scale afforded considerable amusement:—

"One's ideas of pic-nics, as they are done in England, with a lobster in a newspaper, a salad, a cherry tart, and a beef-steak pie, (probably mixed by the breaking of the dishes,) to be eaten on damp grass under the trees, give no notion of an Indian pic-nic. We found about twenty large tents pitched nearly in a circle in a tope of mango trees, surrounding a bowling-green like a piece of turf. One big tent, about the biggest, served as a drawing-room. Well carpeted, with a good brick fireplace, a piano, sofa, chandeliers, and in fact the usual drawing-room furniture, down to the 'Book of Beauty,' and so on: it was as like a drawing-room in a country-house as possible, barring the absence of windows. Another large tent made an equally comfortable dining-room, and a great awning-like construction supported on high poles, called the zimiana (spelling uncertain), served as a promenade during the heat of the day. The other tents were the residences of the various members of the party, some of whom had come one hundred miles and upwards to join it, among them two young ladies who had travelled about that distance, dak, and entirely alone. After being presented to some of the ladies who were assembled in the drawing-room, we all adjourned to tiffin, which was followed by music and dancing in the drawing-room, the latter being apparently the chief in-door employment of the whole party. This passed away the time till four o'clock, when elephants, horses, and carriages were announced, and we all sallied forth on a pig-sticking expedition, as wild-boar hunting is usually called in India, got up in a hurry. Of the five elephants, two were mounted by some of the ladies, the others with a crowd of men, serving as beaters. Although our luck was against us, inasmuch as we saw no boars, it was very pleasant, for the scene was very gay and animated, and we had two capital gallops after jackalls, one of which was lost and the other speared. After at all events a very pleasant ride, we got back to the tents at about dark, had a very good dinner, and were then driven back to Segowlee in a barouche belonging to one of the party; the road in the half light resembling a drive through an English park, and the night quite cold enough to make a greatcoat or two very acceptable. I should think the pic-nic style of life we have just left, must be rather good fun."

Returning homewards, Captain Egerton met Jung Bahadoor and Mr. Oliphant on their way to Katmandu, as related in our former notice of Nepaul:—

"At the same place we fell in with one of Jung's companions in England. He had formerly been in command of the Nepaulese guard at the Khatmandoo Residency, and had picked up a very fair notion of English, so he was selected for one of Jung's escort, and his office turned over to his son, the young zemindar before mentioned. He seemed



delighted with the trip, spoke very gratefully of the kindness and attention they had received in England, and thought the most wonderful things he had seen were the Thames Tunnel, the street gas-lights, and the carriage horses. The *Albion*, one of our ninety-gun ships, he thought a wonderful article, but it evidently rather puzzled him: he did not quite know what to make of it. He talked of the reviews they had seen at Paris, saying the French showed them more troops than the English, but that he had seen none anywhere to be compared to the Life Guards."

The second volume is occupied with the description of various incidents of travel at Cawnpore, Agra, Delhi, Dholpore, and other places on the return route to Bombay, and affords some light and amusing reading.

Although we have no wish to discourage the literary aspirations of the scion of a noble house, we must candidly avow that this journal of Captain Egerton's visit to Nepal is much inferior to the still unpolished narrative of Mr. Oliphant. We have, however, felt an interest in the writer from his ingenuous and unaffected manners and are led to hope a matured judgment will counsel him, on any future experiment in authorship, that when a book is worth writing at all, it is worth writing well.

*Pensées de Pascal.* New edition, with commentaries. By Ernest Havet. Paris: Dezobry et Magdeleine.

ALTHOUGH Pascal has always been considered, to use the words of an eminent Frenchman, "one of the greatest geniuses and most sublime writers of his country," it is a fact, strange, yet true, that up to 1844, one hundred and eighty-two years after his death, no complete and correct edition of his famous '*Pensées*' was published, notwithstanding the original manuscript was carefully preserved in the Bibliothèque Royale. In that year such an edition was given to the world, on the recommendation of M. Cousin, by M. Fougère. And now M. Havet, a professor at the Ecole Normale, has improved on it, by correcting the errors, few, however, in number, which crept in; by instituting a comparison between the original text of Pascal, and that amended by the ecclesiastics of the Port Royal—often to the serious injury, and in some cases, complete perversion, of the author's meaning; by clearing up the numerous obscurities which exist; by bringing forward one '*pensée*' to the elucidation of another; by citing at length the passages in the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, Epictetus, Montaigne, Descartes, Balzac, or Grotius, to which Pascal occasionally referred, or from which he borrowed some of his ideas; and by giving learned and philosophical commentaries;—the whole being preceded, in addition to the well-known life of Pascal by his sister, with a profound and elegantly written *étude* on his writings, and concluded by a very elaborate table of contents and remarkable expressions.

Of Pascal himself it cannot be necessary to say one word; the profound depth or lofty grandeur of his ideas, and the chastened eloquence of his style, are familiar to all who have ever occupied themselves with the higher order of literature. In M. Havet he has had the good fortune to meet with an industrious, intelligent, and learned editor, as well as a fervent admirer. The researches of this gentleman have been as extensive and as minute as those which Mr. J. P. Collier and others have made respecting the works of

Shakspeare, and the result of them is not less valuable. In most of his remarks there is much acuteness, and the immense and varied reading which he has brought to bear, where necessary, in elucidation of his author, is extraordinary. It would have been natural in the learned German, but is rarely indeed displayed by the sprightly Frenchman.

There is not a line, not even a word, in his author, which M. Havet does not appear to have weighed and scrutinized: and, with praiseworthy zeal and impartiality, he does not allow his profound reverence for him to prevent him from pointing out his errors, or exposing what may be called his plagiarisms. Thus, to give an example taken at hazard, on the oft-quoted '*pensée*' on Cromwell:—

'Cromwell allait ravager toute la chrétienté; la famille royale était perdue, et la sienne à jamais puissante, sans un petit grain de sable qui se met dans son uretère. Rome même allait trembler sous lui; mais ce petit gravier s'étant mis là, il est mort, sa famille abaissée, tout en paix, et le roi rétabli;' he remarks with great justice that there was no reason to suppose that Cromwell had any projects against Christianity or even against Rome; and he corrects the error of ascribing that great man's death to gravel instead of to fever. Again, he deprives Pascal of the honour of being the real author of the famous philosophical truth, almost always ascribed to him—'*Vérité au deçà des Pyrénées, erreur au delà*,' by showing that Montaigne said the same thing in nearly the same words.

Much, however, as we admire M. Havet's notes and comments, we must state that he has fallen into the error common to note-writers and commentators, of noting and commenting too much. He frequently explains things which have no need of explanation; makes comments which are uncalled for because self-evident; and draws the reader's attention to grandeur of thought and beauty of language, as if he were wholly incapable of feeling either. One example—the first which we find on opening the volume by chance—will justify these objections. To the profound and beautifully expressed reflection of the author, "*L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant*," our commentator takes the very unnecessary trouble of adding a note, to inform us that it is an "image admirable, justement célèbre."

But, in spite of its faults, we unhesitatingly proclaim M. Havet's work to be one of extreme merit. It is, in fact, the best edition of the '*Pensées*' which has yet been given to the world. It is beautifully printed and got up. We should like to see an edition of the '*Lettres Provinciales*' brought out on the same plan.

#### NOTICES.

*The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge. A New Edition. Moxon.

It would be out of place to offer any critical remarks on Coleridge and his poetry, and we merely invite notice to this beautiful and acceptable edition of his poems. Although the name of Mr. Derwent Coleridge appears on the title-page, he explains that the work almost entirely belonged to his sister, the late Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, the poet's only daughter. She wrote the preface, introduction, and most of the notes, and by her the arrangement was planned, according to which the poems appear in the present volume. This arrangement is for the most part chronological, according to the time

of composition, following the author's own plan in the edition of 1828, which was the last on which he bestowed personal care and attention. The book is divided into three parts, containing the pieces written in youth, in early manhood and middle life, and in later life. The Sibylline leaves are grouped into love poems, meditation poems, and those of varied character. The only piece entirely new and printed for the first time in this edition is a Hymn written in 1814, which has been communicated to the editors by Mr. J. W. Wilkins, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with the accompanying memorandum:—"The accompanying autograph, dated 1814, and addressed to Mrs. Hood, of Brunswick-square, was given not later than the year 1817, to a relative of my own, who was then residing at Clifton, (and was, at the time at which it passed into his hands, an attendant on Mr. Coleridge's lectures, which were in course of delivery at that place,) either by the lady to whom it is addressed, or by some other friend of Mr. Coleridge:—

#### "A HYMN.

"My Maker! of thy power the trace  
In every creature's form and face  
The wond'ring soul surveys:  
Thy wisdom, infinite above  
Seraphic thought, a Father's love  
As infinite displays!  
From all that meets or eye or ear,  
There falls a genial holy fear  
Which, like the heavy dew of morn,  
Refreshes while it bows the heart forlorn!  
Great God! thy works how wondrous fair!  
Yet sinful man didst thou declare  
The whole Earth's voice and mind!  
Lord, ev'n as Thou all-present art,  
O may we still with heedful heart  
Thy presence know and find!  
Then, come, what will, of weal or woe,  
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow;  
For though 'tis Heaven THYSELF to see,  
Where but thy Shadow falls, Grief cannot be!"

Mr. Coleridge's preface of 1828 is given, and an engraving of a picture of the poet at 26, said to be the best and most interesting record of his youthful appearance, forms a suitable frontispiece.

*History of the British Conquests in India.* By Horace St. John. Colburn and Co.

WITHIN the last few years there have been several popular works on British India. Some of these have given sketches both of the political history and civil government of the English in the East. The recent work of Mr. Campbell, while chiefly referring to civil affairs, contains also an outline of the history of the conquest and possession of the country. The volume of Dr. Cooke Taylor and Mr. Mackenna presents a concise and accurate narrative, with useful information on the internal state of India. The materials for most of the compilations of lesser size have been found in the able and elaborate work of Mr. Mill, with the commentary and continuation of Professor Wilson. Other works of standard authority are Mr. Edward Thornton's '*History of India*,' M. de Penhoen's '*Empire Anglais*,' Auber's '*British Power in India*,' Sir John Malcolm's '*Political History*,' and the works of Orme, Stewart, Bruce, Kaye, and other writers remote or recent. From all these sources, as well as from the scattered articles in reviews, parliamentary blue-books, and documents public and private, Mr. St. John has prepared a '*History of the British Conquests in India*,' which, without any pretension to originality, is justly entitled to the praise of conciseness and accuracy. In matters of fact the book is trustworthy, having been evidently written after careful study and laborious research. In matters of opinion, the strong tendency to defend and applaud whatever is done by the Company will not meet the sympathy of every reader; but the reasons are given for most of the statements, and the facts are adduced upon which the author has formed his own judgment. On the whole, it is a fair and accurate narrative of the political history of British India.

*A Life of Marlborough.* By Charles Macfarlane. Routledge and Co.

THIS volume is a compilation from the bulky '*Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*,' by Archdeacon Coxe, and from the Duke's letters and despatches, edited by the late General Sir George



Murray. A manuscript journal of Dr. Hare, Marlborough's chaplain, has also been used in preparing the book. Of the exploits of Marlborough as a general there is room for no difference of opinion, and the romance of his military fame could not better be expressed than by the well-known anecdote of Napoleon crossing the Niemen, on his Russian campaign, to the air of 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre.' But few great men have had such different portraits drawn of their personal character. Southey and Macaulay are at the opposite poles of these descriptions of the hero of the days of Queen Anne. If Southey somewhat over-colours when he declares that "Marlborough approaches, as nearly as human frailty will allow, to the perfect model of a good patriot, a true statesman, and a consummate general," Macaulay sacrifices truth to pictorial effect in describing Marlborough as "a prodigy of turpitude," and his character as lying "under mountains of infamy." Mr. Macfarlane's book is written in the spirit of Southey's estimate of the Duke. No notice is taken of Alison's 'Life' recently reviewed by us. We see little to praise in the style, or other literary merits, of Mr. Macfarlane's book, its chief recommendation being, that the leading facts of Marlborough's life are presented in brief compass and convenient form. The author ranks with Mr. Hepworth Dixon and that useful class to whom no subject comes amiss, for he has compiled with equal readiness a life of Marlborough and of Wellington, a description of the Catacombs of Rome, and a history of India!

*Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Clarke and Co.

THIS book professes to be reprinted verbatim from the tenth American edition, which was reached in fourteen days after the first publication. We are not quite up to the technical language of the Transatlantic book-trade, but suppose that ten editions within a fortnight can only mean ten impressions of so many copies each. The number of copies in each edition is not stated, but the sale of the book must have been great to have admitted of such an announcement. The English reprint has the advantage of the improvements, if there were any, in the latest edition. The book deserves the popularity which it is attaining, both from its subject and the way in which it is treated. A story will find its way to many a mind and heart unreachd by intellectual arguments and untouched by moral appeals. The cause of the enslaved negro is advocated with skill and feeling, and another effective weapon is added to the side of Christian civilization and liberty. Although there is truth in what the Americans say, that all arguments and appeals addressed to slave-owners and slave-breeders are absorbed in their breeches-pockets, yet every speech and book adds to the growing influence of public opinion by which the nefarious system of human slavery will one day be doomed. To a good book in a good cause we wish success.

*The British Winter Garden; being a Practical Treatise on Evergreens.* By William Barron, Head-Gardener at Elvaston Castle. Bradbury and Evans.

A VALUABLE practical book for all interested in ornamental gardening and landscape scenery. The author has been upwards of twenty years gardener at the Earl of Harrington's seat, Elvaston Castle, having in early life had the advantage of serving under Mr. Macnab, curator of the Royal Botanic Garden at Edinburgh, the highest authority of his day on all matters of arboriculture. Full information is given as to the propagation, planting, and removal of evergreens. In transplanting trees Mr. Barron seems to have had much successful practice. The writing is sometimes faulty, but the statements are always plain and practical. The closing sentence of the book is characteristic of the writer's style, and is an amusing, though unwitting paraphrase of Horace's often-quoted lines—

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

"I expect to meet with objectors and fault-finders, and to all such I am willing to tender my

sincere thanks, on condition that whatever is faulty they will improve; but such as cannot mend my book I earnestly entreat not to meddle with it."

*The Garden, the Grove, and the Field. A Garland of the Months.* By Mary Milner, author of the 'Life of Dean Milner.' London: Whittaker. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

THIS little book of the seasons is written in a pleasing style and with a pious purpose, the objects of nature being made to suggest divine studies and religious reflections. From all manner of published sources, and from the writer's own observations, a vast number of delightful or curious facts in natural history, and in rural scenery and customs, are referred to under each month; remarkable descriptions, poetic illustrations, and useful morals being combined, so as to form a truly excellent 'Garland of the Months.'

#### SUMMARY.

THOSE who wish to understand the principles and proceedings of what is now one of our most important metropolitan institutions, the London City Mission, will find much curious and useful information in *Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London*, by R. W. Vanderkiste, one of the missionaries. The London City Mission originated in the year 1835, through the exertions of a generous philanthropist, Mr. David Nasmith. It is a Society composed of Christians of all religious denominations, the agents of which are employed in visiting the poorest parts of London and the vicinity. The whole of the metropolitan area is mapped out into districts, and the operations of the Society are carried on under a system of efficient superintendence and careful organization. The immediate object of the Society is the religious welfare of the neglected poor, but with this high purpose many schemes of useful benevolence have become associated. Ragged schools, clothing societies, emigration clubs, penitentiaries, and other institutions for the welfare of the poor, owe much of their present success to the influence of the City Mission. The receipts of the Society for the past year were 23,053*l.*, and the number of missionaries employed was 245. The proceedings of the Society are regularly reported in a periodical, 'The London City Mission Magazine.' The notes now published by Mr. Vanderkiste are chiefly extracts from his personal journal, and reminiscences of his labours in the district of Clerkenwell. Strange scenes are some of those described, and would furnish materials for pictures as striking as any which Dickens has produced; but in this volume there is no attempt at literary effect, the book containing the simple statements of a laborious and pious missionary.

*Two Lectures on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes*, delivered before the members of the Mechanics' Institution, February, 1852, by the Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., are full of manly thought and generous sentiment, and sustain the high reputation for genius and eloquence which the author bears as a popular preacher at Brighton.

In a little work, printed with much neatness, *Elements of Practical Geometry for Schools and Workmen*, a large amount of information is given on the facts of geometry and their application to planning, measuring, and other practical operations. The book requires little theoretical knowledge, and contains little which will present difficulty to the youngest beginner or the dullest workman.

From 'Bradshaw's Guide' Office there is issued *Adams's Pocket Descriptive Guide to the Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland*, edited by E. L. Blanchard, who has had considerable experience and success in these kind of publications. Descriptions, reflections, and quotations are well managed, and the 'Pocket Guide' will be found an entertaining and useful companion in the district.

Another book of topography, *The History and Description of Ashby-de-la-Zouche*, has much in its pages to interest others than those who use it as a guide to the locality. The story of Ashby-de-la-Zouche is like that of England in miniature: the

history, the traditions, the customs, institutions, scenery, are all thoroughly English; and the several chapters of this work are so many pictures of our national history, from the days of Edward the Confessor and the Norman Conquest, down to those of King Hudson and the Midland Counties Railway. Notices are added of excursions to Donington Park, Coleorton, Melbourne, and other noble seats or interesting scenes in the neighbourhood.

Two little volumes of poetry, *Guesses at the Beautiful*, by Richard Realf, and *The Lost Sheep, or Bible Scenes in Verse*, by James Whitter, are worthy of notice, the first from the traces it contains of true poetic taste and feeling, the latter from the spirit of piety breathing in all the pieces.

A tale of wild interest and tragic issue is presented in *The Forester of Altenhain*, translated from the German by Frederic Shoberl. The scene is in the dreary basaltic Oberwald of the province of Upper Hesse, known by the name of Vogelsberg, and the tale is rugged as the district with which it is connected.

An American author, Mrs. Little, has written a work responsive to that of the Brothers Mayhew, 'The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Servant.' It is entitled *Catherine Sinclair; or, the Adventures of a Domestic in Search of a Good Mistress*. American in many of its ideas, and not always very skilful in its sketches of character, Mrs. Little's book is one which contains much amusing and useful satire, and is vastly superior to the trashy serial on the same subject, 'Emily Tiddyvate's Account of her Misadventures,' which happily ceased after our notice of the first two numbers. Mrs. Little states that all the incidents of her book are based on fact. It has been widely read in America.

An essay on the union of the dominions of Great Britain by intercommunication with the Pacific and the East *via* British North America, by Captain Millington Henry Synge, R.E., contains matter of importance both to political and commercial men. The volume is entitled *Great Britain one Empire*. Many statistical facts of value are adduced, and suggestions made for the profitable colonization of Canada, and for strengthening the unity of the British empire.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aquatic (The) Oracle, 18mo, cloth, 4s.  
Annual Register, 1851, 8vo, boards, 18s.  
Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Book Case, Vol. 5, Life in Mexico, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
Bailey's Festus, 5th edition, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.  
Churton's Thoughts on the Land of the Morning, 10s. 6d.  
Coleridge's Poems, 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Davy's (Bp.) History of England, 10th edition, 2s. 6d.  
Du Bois Raymond on Animal Electricity, 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
Esdaile's Natural History of Clairvoyance, 12mo, 4s. 6d.  
Evelyn's (A. J.) English Alice, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
Fiske's (Rev. G.) Orphan, a Tale, royal 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Hymns for Church Service, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Knox's (R.) Manual of Artistic Anatomy, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
Light in the Dwelling, 4th edition, 8vo, cloth, 12s.  
Monthly Packet, Vol. 3, foolscap, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Magee's (Rev. W. C.) Sermons at Bath, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Manly's Ecclesiology, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s.  
Punch, Vol. 22, 4to, cloth, 8s.  
Parlour Library, Vol. 79, The Wilmingtons, boards, 1s. 6d.  
Robertson's (W.) Works, 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
Ryder's Economy of Fuel on Man-of-war Steamers, 8vo, 5s.  
Recollections and Tales of the Crystal Palace, post 8vo, 5s.  
Rogers's Italy, foolscap, cloth, 5s.  
Richards's Poems, Essays, and Opinions, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
Ranking's Half Yearly Abstract, Vol. 15, 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.  
Stile's Austria, 1848-9, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1 4s.  
Sophocles' Electra, with Notes, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
Woman's Life, by Emilie Carlen, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.

#### THE PRESERVATION OF OUR ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES.

I ENTER heartily into the feeling, and fondly cherish the hope of the correspondent of the 'Literary Gazette' who signs himself Φ, that our government will, ere long, do something to avert the destruction that threatens our national antiquities. The ruthless annihilation of some of them has been arrested, but the destroyer is yet abroad; and although here and there some historical monument has been rescued by the intervention of societies or individuals, we require the interposition of our rulers for the preservation of many objects dear to the antiquary. The work of destruction has been



carried on with greater vigour in our capital than in any city or town in the three kingdoms. Roman and Saxon remains have been scattered or disregarded by a corporation the richest in the world, who at one civic feast spend as much money as would found a tolerable museum of antiquities. It is idle to talk of those in the City Library, when a more curious collection—a catalogue of which is, I see, about to be published by the owner—is to be found in the museum of an individual whose zeal has brought him so often into collision with the city magnates; not that they cared for the remains which accident had brought to light; they preferred covering them up at once rather than allow of their being raised from the spot where they had lain so long concealed. That such was the case not long ago, I am, as I have good reason to believe, credibly informed. To this I will presently again allude. What makes the supineness of the civic authorities the more to be censured as a body is the fact that there are members of the Common Council who have a taste for the study of antiquities, while the brother of one of them, Mr. Arthur Taylor, has shown himself an antiquary of learning and ability. The case to which I have alluded is this:—About two years ago, during the progress of excavations in Nicholas-lane, near Cannon-street, the workmen then and there employed found, at the depth of about eleven feet, among the ruins of what was clearly a Roman edifice, a large slab, thus inscribed:—

NVM  
PROV  
BRITA

Now it is not known whether these were the beginnings of the lines of the inscription or the endings, but if the former we may conclude that they ran thus:—

NVMINI CAESARIS  
PROVINCIA  
BRITANNIA

Words sufficient to have awakened an interest in the breast of even a Common Councilman. It did interest one of them, I hear. It is said Mr. Lott, at the instigation of Mr. Roach Smith, made an effort to save this stone and get it raised, but as its removal was "not in the contract," and it extended beyond the space required, it was covered up again. Nor is this the only case of which I have been informed. But a short time since, the workmen, in another part of the city, found a large sculptured stone of great weight, "with a bust and letters," which met the same fate as the inscribed slab just mentioned. I have asserted these things upon what I consider unimpeachable authority; but if the facts are not found to be substantially as here given, the city authorities will of course take means to show that the whole story is a fabrication, and should government appoint a commission, they will have to show that they have not despised or neglected their local antiquities. F. S. A.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE astonishing project of re-erecting the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on a much grander scale than before, is no longer a 'castle in the air,' but a substantial verity. A Company is formed, with means to carry out the scheme in its fullest integrity; a sum of 400,000*l.* is lodged in cash at the bankers, to begin with; and the Brighton Railway Directors have engaged to lay down a network of lines to and from everywhere, for the conveyance hither and thither of all sorts of visitors at the least possible trouble and expense. The services of the original Crystal Palace architect, builder, and decorator being secured, the men, the money, and the materials are now provided; and it is confidently announced that this new wonder of the world will be opened to the public on the 1st May, 1853. The roof of the building is to be arched throughout, and there are to be three transepts. The two outer transepts are to be of the same size as the original transept, but the centre one is to be as high again—high enough to take in the Monument on Fish-street-hill,—and there is to

be a fountain beneath it, throwing water to a height exceeding that of the Nelson Column. The interior is to be divided into temperate and tropical conditions of climate and vegetation; and some of the principal countries of the world—China, Egypt, Nineveh, &c.—are to be represented with a reality never before conceived. We should like to have seen it erected along the river front of Battersea Park, but as its enormous proportions will render it a conspicuous object from many miles round, and there are to be abundant facilities for getting to it, we see no reason to object to the site that has been fixed upon.

Having had occasion frequently to expose the egregious blunders of the Trustees of the British Museum, in the appointment of curators, in the arrangement and naming of the collections, and in other matters, arising from their unfitness for the office, it is with sincere pleasure we have to announce the election into that body of Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, *vice* the late Earl of Derby. Instead of the *ex officio* Archbishop of Canterbury and a few antiquated patrons of the belles lettres, the Trustees ought to be selected from the sound working-men in science and literature. Were there a majority of Trustees of such indomitable energy and experienced judgment as Sir Roderick Murchison, as evidenced by the result of his official labours in the British Association, and in the Royal, Geological, and Geographical Societies, such a blunder as that which we exposed in January last (*ante*, p. 64) never could have happened. This is a step in the right direction, and a proof that a word in season, how good is it!

We are glad to announce the speedy departure of the screw schooner *Isabel*, under Commander Inglefield, R.N., F.R.G.S., in search of Sir John Franklin. This vessel, fitted out by Lady Franklin, assisted by the Royal Geographical Society, (of which Sir John was a Vice-President,) has been presented by her ladyship and the subscribers to Commander Inglefield, who purposes sailing in the first week of July, with the intention, if the season permit, of first visiting Jones and Smith's Sound, and then of prosecuting the *great* object of the voyage, namely, the examination of the western coast of Baffin's Bay and Labrador. This expedition, combined with the exertions of such men as Belcher, Kellett, and Pullen, in the direction of Wellington Channel, and of Collinson, McLure, and McGuire through Behring's Strait, supported by the newly-determined expedition of the Hudson's Bay Company, under that indefatigable Arctic explorer, Dr. Rae, will go far to lay bare every portion of the frozen regions of the north as yet unexplored. Why not render success still more probable by adopting the project entertained by Mr. Petermann and other geographers, of passing direct to the North through the deep, broad, and possibly open waters between Spitzbergen and Novaia Zemlia, as described in our notice to-day (p. 509) of the projector's pamphlet?

The council of the Society of Arts have appointed a deputation to wait upon the Director of the Government School of Mines with a request that the professors of that School would undertake a series of lectures on the gold formations of Australia, and the modes of separating and distinguishing the precious metals. These lectures are intended to serve as the medium of conveying instruction to those emigrating to Australia. The proposition, we understand, has been fully entertained by the professors, and arrangements are being made for at once carrying into full effect the suggestion of the Society of Arts. It is expected that the lectures will commence early in the ensuing week.

The Oxford Grand Commemoration this week has passed off with unusual spirit and *éclat*. The boat-show, musical festival, garden promenades, flower exhibitions, and other adjuncts of the scene, have caused much pleasure to the visitors. On Wednesday, the Commemoration Day, properly so called, the *Encenia* was held in the theatre, Mr. Claughton delivering the public oration, in place of Mr. Michel, the university orator, absent from bad health. During the reading and recitation of the prize exercises, and other public proceedings,

the usual boisterous humour of the university theatre was well sustained. The great point of the day was the reading of the Newdigate English prize poem, which is said this year to be of remarkable merit. It is by Mr. Edwin Arnold, of University College, the subject Belshazzar's feast. Honorary degrees of Doctor in Civil Law were conferred in convocation on the Duke of Serradifalco, Bishops M'Cosky, Heathcote de Lancey, and Wainwright, of the United States, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Professor Alison, of Edinburgh, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and Professor Owen, of London.

The long-delayed and long-expected volume of the 'History of the Reformation,' by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, of Geneva, will be published shortly. The fifth volume will continue the History of Calvin, and describe the beginning of the Reformation in England and Scotland. The popularity of the preceding part of the work in England and America has in a curious manner increased the delay in the appearance of the present volume. The historian has been overpowered with multitudinous materials and party representations, as he approached that era of Protestantism when divisions took place among the Reformers. The difficulties of study to an impartial writer have been increased by the quantity of new materials presented for examination. The care taken, even by parties high in the Anglican Church, to furnish Dr. Merle d'Aubigné with material, is a good testimony to the value and the influence of his book. He will complete the book, if written in the same spirit as the former volumes, without caring for the censure of Lutheran or Calvinist, or seeking to please the admirers either of Cranmer or of John Knox.

A memorial has been prepared for the Congress of the United States, by Lieutenant F. M. Maury, in behalf of a southern line of steamers, from Norfolk or Charleston, to open the commerce of the river Amazon. The basin of the Amazon and the adjoining rivers (the Orinoco being connected by a natural canal) is the largest and most fertile in the world. The valley of the Mississippi is estimated at about 982,000 square miles, that of the Amazon and its confluent at nearly 2,000,000 square miles. The range of littoral navigation in the southern waters is three or four times that of the northern continent. The Amazon is navigable for ships of largest burden far into the interior, and Lieutenant Maury says that a 74-gun ship may anchor at the foot of the Andes. There are 1500 miles of furos or natural canals, besides the usual river navigation. The Mississippi, rising near 50° north latitude, runs south, with ever-varying climate, scenery, and products, collecting on its waters every species of merchandize till it reaches the tropics. In the Gulf of Mexico the products of the Amazon meet those of the great river of North America; commencing with sugar, the list of products includes coffee, cochineal, cocoa, cotton, wax, caoutchouc, gum, drugs, resin, and woods of great variety and value. The importance of connecting these two rivers by trade cannot be estimated, and the Americans look to this new region as their 'Indies' of wealth and commercial enterprise.

We are glad to observe the extension of a good and useful social scheme, in the employment of some of the boys of the Ragged School Shoeblack Brigade as street messengers. At the Stock Exchange, the Duke of Wellington's statue in the city, Leicester-square, and the Strand opposite Hungerford-market, these young messengers have begun to ply their vocation with the red livery and badge of the Society, which is answerable to the amount of 3*l.* for the safe carriage of booked parcels. The industrial department of the Ragged School Union is conducted with much good sense as well as benevolence; and we hope this new scheme will meet with the encouragement which it deserves. The increased number of the street shoeblacks seems to show that this is a successful line of business for the young 'boots,' some of whom have lately been allowed to take their station in club houses and other buildings of public resort.

The American book-lists contain the announcement of 'The Life of Judge Jeffreys,' by Humphrey



M. Woolrych, which is described as being "written in a fair catholic spirit; and while his faults are not concealed, they are not magnified and distorted by prejudice, as in Macaulay's account of him in his History."

Last week the arrangements were completed for showing the mean Greenwich time upon the dome of the Electric Telegraph Office, in the Strand, opposite Hungerford Market. A large globe is to fall simultaneously with that on the top of the Greenwich Observatory, so as to indicate to London and to vessels above bridge exact Greenwich time. The ball is of zinc, painted black, with a white belt, six feet in height, sixteen in circumference, and at an elevation of about 110 feet. The fall of the Greenwich ball is to communicate the electric shock to the apparatus at Charing Cross, and the appearance of descent will be perfectly synchronous.

Baron Liebig, of Giessen, is named as the successor of the late M. Buchner, as professor of chemistry in the University of Munich. M. Buchner died lately at the age of sixty-nine, having held the chemical chair for thirty-four years. His most important work is the 'Repertory of Pharmacy,' in forty-one octavo volumes.

At the last meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons, Mr. Thomas Quekett, assistant conservator of the museum, was unanimously elected Professor of Histology.

Captain Sir James Clark Ross was elected, on Tuesday last, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences, section of Geography and Navigation, in room of the late M. de Krusenstern.

The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society is to be held next week at Lewes. On the opening day Professor Simmonds will lecture in the County Hall.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTIQUARIES. — June 17th. — Sir Robert Inglis, V.P., in the chair. It was announced from the chair that the King of Denmark had signified to the President and Council his wish to have his name enrolled among those of the Royal Patrons of the Society. It was also stated that the catalogue of the library was in preparation. Notice of an intention to move an amendment to the motion intended to be made on the 18th November next, and also a notice of an intention to move for a committee to amend the statutes and bye-laws of the Society, were handed to the chair. The Resident Secretary exhibited several cinerary urns and other objects discovered by the Rev. J. B. Reade at Stone, near Aylesbury, the details of which are given by Mr. Akerman in a recent volume of the 'Archæologia.' There was also a spear-head and a knife discovered in the same spot, clearly indicating that the site had been used as a cemetery by the Anglo-Saxon population in this village before their conversion to Christianity. Viscount Strangford, Director, exhibited a very remarkable fibula in brass, in the form of two snails, the property of Mr. Hampton, who stated that they were found in the Island of Saint Thomas in the West Indies. Upon being shown to Mr. Lovell Reeve, since the meeting, it was recognised by him as having been moulded from a West India type of snails, represented by the *Helix anomala*. Mr. Byles exhibited what appeared to be the embossed and enamelled handle of a knife of the cinque-cento period, recently found at Boxmoor, Herts. Mr. Akerman exhibited a very curious ticket, or mould for forming tickets, bearing the heads of Philip, the Roman Emperor, his son, and his wife Otacilia. It bore an inscription, denoting that it was (the seal) of the *Mustai of the suburb of Brisea*. In the field was a small figure of Bacchus holding the cantharus and the thyrsus, and wearing the *polos*, indicating his tutelary character. Brisea is mentioned by Pausanias, who speaks of the temple of Bacchus existing in the suburbs of that city. A dissertation on this subject was promised by Mr. Akerman at a future meeting. Mr. Hawkins exhibited two curious chessmen formed of jet, which had been found at different times in a large mound of earth, called the "Moot Hill," at Warrington. These objects were un-

questionably genuine, and not later than the ninth or tenth century; but Mr. Hawkins thought it a good opportunity to state what was already known to some of the Fellows of the Society, that spurious seals formed of jet had found their way into the London market, some of them very clumsily executed, but others sufficiently well done to deceive the unwary or the inexperienced. Jet was a material so easily fabricated into various forms, and affording no indications of age, that the caution now given may be of service to our antiquaries. The Rev. Joseph Hunter observed, that as forgeries of antiques had been mentioned, he might be allowed to tell the Society that the Essex jewel lately exhibited by Mr. Cunningham for a friend, was spurious, as had been conjectured by several of the members when it was shown to the Society. Mr. Roberts communicated an account of the discovery of a tessellated pavement on the site of what had once doubtless been a Roman villa at Lyme Regis, Dorset, but which had been known beyond the memory of man as 'The Churchyard.'

The Society adjourned over the vacation to Thursday, November 18th.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—British Architects, 8 p.m.

—Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(Henry Tompkins, Esq., 'On the present state of Information relating to the laws of Sickness and Mortality, as exemplified in the Tables of Contributions, &c., used by Friendly Societies.')

Thursday.—Zoological (General Business), 3 p.m.

Friday.—Botanical, 8 p.m.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE time-honoured custom which leads our wealthy or fortunate *cognoscenti* to exhibit to the public eye some jewels from their treasuries of art—disseminating thereby the advantages of their wealth whilst they retain its envied possession, and heightening the general enjoyment whilst they add honour to their own names—has produced its usual result, and the annual opening of the Old Masters' Gallery reminds us that our art season for this year is approaching its termination. It is the result either of accident or design that this last is also the oldest. So that after our minor and modern Academies have been all examined and criticised, the old giants of art stand forth to assert their rank once more, to display the as yet unapproached standard of perfection; marking the progress of their followers, and exposing their shortcomings; outliving in their grandeur all the fluctuations of taste, and checking, by their silent examples, the vagaries of innovation.

The 151 pictures of the present collection are the products of a wide field—Italy, Spain, Flanders, Germany, France, and England have all contributed; and if the extent of the sources has the effect of weakening the whole at first view, yet a gallery cannot fail to engross interest that includes within its walls such subjects as Karel du Jardin's *La Fraiche Matinée*, Cuyp's *River View, with Boats*, Titian's *Daughter with the Casket*, and Rembrandt's *Belshazzar*. These are pictures which we are proud to know that Englishmen possess, and sincerely acknowledge the courtesy which brings them from their places in the noble galleries they adorn. The most ancient work of art appears to be the *Entombment of the Virgin* (12), by Fra Angelico; and the most modern, Collins's *Coast Scenery*: between these extremes an era of 450 years is included, a time of no trifling dimensions in art, many important periods of which are here represented. An adequate description of the details is thus rendered more difficult.

Occupying a prominent position in the first room is a famous work of Vandyke, from the Duke of Grafton's collection, a *Portrait of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison* (1). This nobleman, who appears to be about thirty years old, stands in nearly front view in a landscape. His auburn bushy hair curls over his forehead in the style of the period; his scarlet vest, with open sleeves, is richly embroidered

with gold. Over his shoulders is a lace frill; a red mantle is on the left arm; he wears scarlet hose and buff boots, and his right hand, resting on his hip, holds a hat and feathers. The attitude of the figure is full of dignity, combined with a natural ease, and the painting of the dress is in the master's highest style. *Rachael, Countess of Southampton* (62), from the collection of Earl de Grey, hung in the middle room, is equally, if not more remarkable. The face is in three-quarter view, with eyes looking downwards. The dress is a blue vesture of ample dimensions, fringed at the bottom, the lustrous gleam of which is still in perfection. The lady is seated on clouds, holding a sceptre, and her left hand rests on a pellucid globe—the skull under her feet, and sunlight breaking from behind a cloud in the sky, are evident emblems of immortality surviving the temporary eclipse of death. This painting is a duplicate, by Vandyke's own hand, of one in Earl Spencer's collection, and has been engraved. *Mrs. Kirk, Bedchamber Woman to Henrietta Maria* (64), is another of the master's much celebrated portraits. A peculiar elegance and an unusual degree of accomplishment are to be observed, whether the graceful position, the imitations of texture, or the rich *impasto* of colour be considered. The attention of the lady seems attracted away from the gambols of the dog to some one who approaches her in the opposite direction. There is a mezzotinto of this portrait also.

Rembrandt's *Belshazzar's Feast* (24) will be thought by many the most important feature of the first room. In viewing the composition of this striking subject, the spectator may be reminded of a remarkable piece of criticism in one of Charles Lamb's letters. After remarking on the mode of treatment adopted in Mr. Martin's painting of the same subject, where the fiery handwriting on the wall, being made to appear to a terrified multitude, produces only a "huddle of vulgar consternation," he proceeds to add—"By no hint can it be otherwise inferred, but that the appearance was solely confined to the fancy of Belshazzar, that his single brain was troubled. Not a word is spoken of its being seen by any one else then present, not even by the queen herself, who merely undertakes for the interpretation of the phenomenon, as related to her, doubtless, by her husband." Whether he had seen Rembrandt's creation or not, his penetration is amply justified by the results of this picture. The King alone sees the gleaming and miraculous light, and the mysterious hand withdrawing into the shroud that accompanies it; the remaining figures are startled at his altered countenance, and at that only. But the free and masterly attitudes, the oriental display of the cloak seamed with jewels, the heavy chain and sparkling tiara, all proclaim, in every outline and touch, the one master who alone could endow actual deformity and uninformed taste with the attributes of grandeur and power, by the over-mastering force of his genius. The consummate power of chiaroscuro in this picture would of itself declare the painter to be, as Fuseli described him, "a meteor in art."

Among the other brilliant pictures in this room, is the somewhat famous *Portrait of a Dutch Lady* (59), by Cuyp, from the collection of the Rev. Heneage Finch. The rarity of portraits from the hand of the master who has reproduced the river Maes and the town of Dort in hundreds of different aspects, renders it the more interesting. The young lady's features, already marred by the ravages of small-pox, are not recommended to modern eyes by her black velvet cap and starched muslin kerchief; but, as a painting, the richness of the colour, breadth of effect, and extraordinary look of nature, will vie with the greatest effects of light and shade ever produced.

Murillo is seen in his two stages—first in the admirable *Spanish Girl* (33), a picture which appears to have suffered from the effects of time; and in a more advanced style in the *St. Francis at Devotion* (2), and *St. Francis in Ecstasy* (16). These two paintings represent the saint under very different circumstances of age and person, though in both he wears the distinguishing *cordon* of his



order, and is attended by angelic forms. In the former that peculiar, Correggio-like treatment, where the rolling clouds seem everywhere instinct with life, and break out irresistibly into angel faces, is apparent, and the group of cherubs on the right of the painting has the distinctive beauty of the master. The distant part of the picture, representing sea, has evidently sustained injury.

The whole side of a wall in the south room is occupied by a grand painting by Camuccini, the late director of the Academy at Rome, in the classical style, representing *The Return of Regulus to Carthage* (138), a work exhibiting great erudition, with something of the restraint of study in its composition. As a masterpiece of modern Italian art, it will be viewed with great interest.

Amongst a host of important pictures, we can do no more at present than briefly enumerate the names of Vander Heyden's *View in Amsterdam* (6), *A Conversation*, by De Hooghe, several interesting pictures of Perugino, landscapes by Both and Claude, Gainsborough's portrait of *George IV. when Prince of Wales*, works by Fuseli and Reynolds; and, though last, not least, Mr. Richard Ford's highly interesting and rare specimens of the Spanish school of Zurbaran and Francesco Ribalta.

The pictures lately brought to this country by Madame Elizabeth Jerichau, née Baumann, of Copenhagen, which have been for some time past at Buckingham Palace for Her Majesty's inspection, were on Wednesday last brought back to Lord Ellesmere's gallery, where they form an additional object of interest in his Lordship's collection. The largest of her pictures is *The Carnival*, a party of females engaged in throwing flowers from a window, grouped in the animated gestures and attitudes which such an amusement naturally produces. Three of the standing figures are in contrasting styles of beauty, all of the Italian cast, equally piquant and natural in their arrangement. With the exception that one lady, who turns to the further part of the scene, appears to have no object on which her eye-glance rests, the composition is as pleasing as perfect. The colour is perhaps the least strong point of Madame Jerichau's pictures. A portrait of an *Iceland Girl*, another of the reigning *Queen of Denmark*, and a third of the artist's husband, are very beautiful and artistic subjects, well worthy inspection and admiration; that of the poet, H. C. Andersen, has a greater appearance of haste. The most pleasing of all the pictures will be found to be that of a young woman suckling her infant, who rests in the cradle; a very fine and feeling performance. Still, as works of art, we should be disposed to rank her portraits higher than the rest. A group of peasants with sheep, a figure of a Roman girl and child, and some portraits, complete the collection, which consists altogether of eleven pictures, all deserving the attention of connoisseurs, having attracted much favourable notice in many high quarters of art.

#### MUSIC.

A FINE classical concert was given on Friday last at the New Beethoven Rooms, by HERR MOLIQUE, which was extremely well attended. The chief features of attraction were a grand sonata for pianoforte and violin, and a quartett; each a composition of his own. M. Hallé took part with him in the former, and A. Mellon, Hill, and Piatti in the latter. Molique's style of composition is pure, and his treatment of his themes occasionally marked by considerable originality. A lad of the name of Carrodus, understood to be a pupil of his, performed a duett with him with great effect.

The same night SIGNOR PUZZI took his usual annual benefit at Her Majesty's Theatre. It was, as usual, a lengthy bill of fare, and combined great variety of vocal attraction. The first act of *Semiramide*, with Madame De la Grange, Angri, Belletti, and Fostini; the last act of the *Sonnambula*, with Cruvelli and Gardoni; the whole of *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, and two *divertissements*, with Caroline Rosati in the one, and Guy Stephan and Louisa Fleury in the other. Madame De la Grange is not

the best representative of the *Assyrian Queen* that has appeared upon the boards by many a one. She has many and great excellences as a vocalist, but they unquestionably do not lie in the direction of such large qualifications as are demanded by this impersonation of vocal and histrionic dignity. The attempt was too much for her powers, which, however, she did not spare to tax to their utmost, and she was often very successful, and much applauded. But it is obvious that it is on her successes in the lighter and more airy departments of the art, in comedy rather than in serious opera, that Madame De la Grange will have to rest her reputation. Angri sang admirably. Cruvelli and Gardoni as usual. We were glad to hear the latter in the part again. The *Prova* provoked the usual amount of mirth, and the respective *danseuses* were greeted with the wonted acclamations.

MDLLE. CLAUS, whose singularly successful *début* as a pianist this season will be an epoch in the recollection of all, gave a highly interesting and attractive concert, on Saturday, at Willis's Rooms. Among our many performers on the pianoforte, male and female, who are so thick upon the ground that it is fairly an *embarras de richesses*, this young and interesting *débütante* already occupies a high position, which she took at once, or rather which was at once awarded to her as her right. She possesses every requisite for a really great *artiste*, and we are satisfied will become so. She displayed on this occasion the faculty of discrimination to a very unusual degree in one so young. Sebastian Bach's *Prelude and Fugue in C sharp*, Chopin's *Nocturne in C*, Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando*, Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, and Thalberg's *Fantasia from La Sonnambula*, each as different in character as can well be conceived, was played by her, as if the school of each had been her particular, we had almost said her exclusive, study. She is evidently a musician at heart, not a mere *mécaniste*, or one whose ideas of excelling are confined to manual dexterity. She was tumultuously applauded, and compelled to repeat Mendelssohn's *Scherzo*.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD gave her second concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday night. Of her style of playing, and her merits as a pianiste, we have so often spoken, that we have only to add that she continues to improve. Among so many rare qualifications as this young lady possesses, it may seem invidious to notice her one, or, at all events, her chief, defect—a want of feeling—a want of that nice perception of sentiment which Madame Pleyel so strikingly evinces, and which imparts to her playing the indescribable charm which it possesses. In firmness, vigour, and brilliance of execution, Miss Goddard has no superior; and she displayed her powers to the greatest advantage on this occasion. Mendelssohn's *Quartett in B minor*, Beethoven's *Sonata in G*, Sebastian Bach's *Prelude and Fugue in D*, Mendelssohn's '*Prestissimo*' in A, from his *Seven Characteristic Pieces*, and Döhler's *fantasia from William Tell*, gave abundant scope for them, of which she availed herself with signal success. She was encored in the two last, but contented herself, wisely, we think, with bowing her acknowledgments. Concerts are generally long enough in all conscience, and the repetition of instrumental solos may well be dispensed with at all times.

A 'constant reader' in Munich sends us the following account of the career in that city of the great songstress, whose absence from Her Majesty's Theatre this season has been a source of so much disappointment:—"Madame Sontag, who has been singing here for a fortnight, has left, after having kept us all in a fever of excitement the whole time of her stay. The enthusiasm with which she was received here must have exceeded anything in other parts of Germany, though her whole tour has been triumphantly successful. The operas in which Sontag performed were her old favourites—the *Sonnambula*, *Martha*, the *Barbiere de Seviglia*, &c., and a more perfect artist or virtuosa could not well be imagined. Her *coloraturas* delighted the audience, and the celebrated '*Sontag's Polka*' was rapturously encored. Her voice is thought to

have lost much of its power, for it is hardly in the nature of things that the Countess de Rossi, the matron of forty-seven, should possess the freshness of the organ of Mademoiselle Henrietta Sontag at twenty-one. Those who remember her former figure, have found her greatly increased in *embonpoint*, so much so, that she is now too heavy for her very small feet. Her new and tasteful Parisian toilette was universally admired; she wore her own valuable diamonds when they suited the character; her rich auburn hair was superbly *coiffé*; and her satin slippers, which the fair enchantress wore down at heel, were exquisite, and could only have belonged to a fairy foot. Sontag, with her usual generous benevolence, gave a farewell concert in the Odéon for the poor, where she took her leave, amidst showers of garlands and bouquets. The choir of singers greeted her with some beautiful verses, composed in her honour some years since by King Maximilian, when Crown Prince, and the students drew her carriage in triumph to her hotel. The Count and Countess de Rossi received many invitations from the nobility of Munich, but declined them generally, as the medical advisers of the Countess have prohibited all exertion or fatigue beyond what she is obliged to undergo when she appears on the stage.

Two of Mendelssohn's posthumous works have again been published by Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig—viz., recitative and chorus from the oratorio *Christ*, and the finale of the first act of the opera *Lorelei*.

Verdi's new opera of *Rigolette* has been performed at Vienna.

F. Hiller is about to produce a new opera, *Paolo*.

The shortcomings of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE in singing are manifest compared with the 'Royal Italian Opera,' but the house stands pre-eminent for its superiority in dancing. On Thursday a new ballet was produced, with the title, *Zélie; ou, l'Amour et la Magie*, and nothing could be more elegant and tastefully arranged. It is said to be composed by M. Gosselin, while the poem is by M. St. Georges, and the music by M. Nadaud; the principal *danseuses* being Mdle. Caroline Rosati, and Mdles. Rosa, Esper, Lamoureux, Allegrini, and Louisa Fleury. The ballet opens with a scene in the magician's garden, and after some pretty coquetting between Mdle. Rosati and M. di Mattia, changes to a fairy revel, in which a lively troupe of *danseuses* execute a very elaborate figure with great vigour and *naïveté*. Again it changes to a marvellous scene of enchantment, sparkling with flowers and fairies and real fountains, and several extremely clever and novel *pas* are executed by the ladies above named in rapid succession. A character dance by Mdle. Rosati and M. Durand excited considerable interest, and the curtain fell amid a shower of bouquets and a perfect whirlwind of applause.

#### THE DRAMA.

WHATEVER may be thought of the merit of the individual performers in the German company at ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, students of the German drama are at least beholden to Mr. Mitchell for enabling them to judge of the merits of that drama more clearly than they could possibly have done in the closet. Its beauties and its defects become more palpable on the actual stage, and we see how little mere vigour of thought, or even of character, can do to make a drama endurable, if these be not combined with movement, variety of action, and constructive skill. It is a misfortune to the literary men of Germany that they have given so little consideration to this essential part of the functions of the dramatist. With all the study which they have devoted to our own dramatic literature, they have never been able to follow our example in this particular. Indeed, mere study will never suffice. A few visits to the green-room, and the hints to be gathered there from those who have to put their dramas into action, would do more for German dramatists in this respect than years of unassisted



study. Here and in France the author and the actor have always been in intimate contact. Our greatest dramatist was himself both actor and manager, and his interests in both capacities required a thorough knowledge of the means by which an audience is to be interested and moved. In Germany authors are without this kind of experience, and the result is shown in plays full of fine things, but which no energy of attention can sit through without fatigue. *Egmont*, *Don Carlos*, *Emilia Galotti*, *The Robbers*, all of them delightful works to read, are intolerably tedious on the stage; whereas a fifth part of their intellectual power, judiciously applied, would make the fortune of an experienced French or English dramatist. The same objection applies, although in a less degree, to the *Faust*, which on Tuesday night drew together the most crowded and brilliant house of the season. In one form or another this poem is familiar to every educated Englishman, and all were eager to see if, like other dramas, this was to derive fresh illustration and attractiveness from the realities of the stage. Undoubtedly the test which the *Faust* applies to the powers of the performers is a severe one. The characters of *Faust*, *Mephistopheles*, and *Margaret*, are all indelibly stamped in the imagination of every spectator, and their peculiar qualities are such, that only powers of a very high order could meet the expectations of an audience. Were these powers shown in the performance of Tuesday? We think not. Of Devrient's *Faust* it is impossible to speak with favour. His cold and unimaginative nature becomes painfully apparent in this character. He neither looks nor acts it. We miss the look of imaginative speculation, the weariness of an unsatisfied spirit, the awakening of a new and elevating emotion in his love for *Margaret*, the despair at the blight his selfish passion brings upon her. In the exquisite garden scene, where the pure soul of the simple girl expands like a beautiful flower under his very eyes in the artless utterances of a love which must have possessed a peculiar fascination for the man of subtle intellect, wearied of the conventions and hypocrisies of life, where was the tenderness, the look of grave and affectionate delight, with which *Faust* must have regarded her? Again, when she questions him about his religion, how cold and formal was his delivery of the fine burst of poetry and eloquence into which he is carried! There was none of the rapt unconsciousness of the imaginative and intellectual dreamer which should have accompanied the words. All was cold, hard, and pedantic. Not less defective was his treatment of the last scene with *Margaret* in the dungeon—a scene in which a great actor would have swept his audience away with irresistible enthusiasm. Here, again, all was cold and wooden. Look, accent, action, conveyed no trace of feeling in the performer, and, of course, elicited no sympathy in the spectator. Devrient is, as we have said, a clever actor; but he never becomes the man he represents. Act what he will, he is merely Devrient in a different dress. Accustomed as we are to grace and poetical suggestiveness in our actresses, the *Margaret* of Frau Schaefer falls far short of the standard which we should apply to the same part on our own stage. In the earlier scenes, Frau Schaefer displayed considerable *naïveté*, and acted pleasingly. She wants, however, that unconscious grace of person and open artlessness of manner which characterize *Margaret*, and which must, of course, have formed the secret of her fascination for *Faust*. In the later scenes, too, where the pathos deepens, and tragic power is required, she is unable to avail herself of the fine situations in which the poet has placed her. Above all, not only is Frau Schaefer deficient in knowledge of the resources of her art to make the most of her own powers, but what is more important for the character of *Margaret*, she wants the passionate abandonment which is indispensable to portray the tenderness, the anguish, and the madness of the great concluding scene. Herr Kühn's *Mephistopheles* was, undoubtedly, the great feature of the performance. His make-up was admirable, and his features full of the expression of cold sneering

heartlessness, which sheds a blight wherever he appears. Somewhat too melodramatic, perhaps, the treatment of the character may be as a whole; but not more so, we can believe, than is necessary for scenic effect. The brilliant dialogue was sent home with infinite point, and the baldness of the action relieved by the actor's force of accent and expression. Considerable violence is done to the poetry of the play by transposing some of the scenes, and mixing up others, as, for example, by making *Margaret* speak the touching appeal to the Virgin—

"Neige, neige,  
Du schmerzenreiche," &c.

in the street beside her brother's body, and following it up, while she is still on her knees, by the murmurs of the evil spirit, and the chanting of the 'Dies Irae,' which belong to the cathedral scene. Nothing can show more strongly than this to what shifts for scenic purposes the actors are driven by the poet's want of constructive skill. With all its faults, however, in this respect, the *Faust* is full of interest as an acting play; and we regret that the near termination of the German company's engagement affords so little hope of its being repeated.

The Théâtre Français, at Paris, produced on Friday M. Ponsard's new tragedy, *Ulysse*. It is in only three acts, but is accompanied with choruses, in the style of the ancient Greek theatre. As its title causes to be supposed, its personages and incidents, and even much of its language, are taken from the 'Odyssey.' It begins with the thirteenth book of that poem—with Ulysses' return to Ithaca; then goes on to his conference with Minerva, to her advice to him, to his return home as a beggar, to his conversations with Eumæus, to his meeting with Telemachus, to his first interview with Penelope, to his discovery by Euryclea, to the gay parties of the suitors and the servants, to the predictions of Theoclymenus, to the shooting with the bow, to the slaying of the suitors, to the conversation, union, and happiness of Ulysses and Penelope. The play is, in fact, a perfect paraphrase of the poem. The Frenchman has followed old Homer step by step, with the same fidelity as the dog follows his master. We cannot compliment M. Ponsard on his new production. Notwithstanding the example of Virgil, we hold that no poet, however great he may be, has the right to borrow the personages, language, plot, and adventures created by another; and still less, we think, has he the right to turn into a play what was written as an epic. Such being our opinion, there seems to us, as will readily be imagined, something perfectly ludicrous in a small poet of the nineteenth century turning one of the sublime works of the great father of poetry himself into stilted French Alexandrines, and eking it out here and there with jingling rhymes of his own. Nor is M. Ponsard's execution of his design calculated to excuse its audacity. He has changed the nervous eloquence and mighty power of old Homer into pompous, heavy, inflated verse: his own additions, under the pretext of imitating the simplicity of the original, are singularly puerile and weak—downright *niaiserie* in fact; the personages, so full of grandeur in the poem, are paltry in the extreme in the tragedy; the plot is rendered obscure and incomprehensible; and many of the incidents which are so effective in reading, seem silly and commonplace, and even disgusting, when clumsily done in action on the stage. The choruses are for the most part prettily written, and are very nicely set to music by M. Gounod, the composer of *Sappho*. One of them, in the first act, is of really remarkable beauty. The able actors of the Français supported their characters as well as characters of Homer can be supported by Frenchmen; Geffroy was *Ulysse*, and Delaunay *Telemachus*. But the principal female part, *Penelope*, might have been made much more effective if it had been confided to some other actress than Mlle. Judith. The play on the whole was successful, as most first representations now-a-days are, but it is not at all likely to have a long career. The scoffing Parisians seem to have small respect for

Homer, probably because they know him not. Some of Ponsard's 'improvements,' too, were so *naïve* as to admit of a comical interpretation, and these were irreverently quizzed.

John Howard Payne, the noted American actor and dramatist, died lately at the Consulate at Tunis, in his 60th year. He was born at New York, in 1792. From childhood he was a prodigy even in that region of precocious intellect. In his 13th year he was a writer for the press, and editor of the 'Thespian Mirror.' At 16, the youthful Roscius appeared as *Young Norval*, in *Douglas*, at the Park Theatre, New York. At Boston, he appeared, among other characters, in those of *Hastings*, *Rolla*, *Edgar*, and *Hamlet*. In 1812 he came to England, and made his *début* at Drury Lane, in his 21st year. West, the painter, was a kind patron in those days. In 1826 he edited a London dramatic paper called 'The Opera-Glass.' A great number of dramas were prepared by him when on the London stage, chiefly adaptations from the French. Charles Kemble appeared in some of these, as in *Charles II*. The now cosmopolitan air of 'Home, Sweet Home,' first appeared in Howard Payne's 'Clari, the Maid of Milan.' In the latter years of his life he occupied the post of Consul of the United States at Tunis.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 23.

DECIDEDLY *la belle France*, "the proud queen of literature and art," as her sons like to call her, is going back rapidly to the dark ages and to the Inquisition; and seems likely before long to enjoy the exciting spectacle of having books burned by the hangman and authors roasted at the stake. At this present moment her clergy and her government are assailing literature with all the malignant fury of a crack-brained fanatic of old. The former, represented by cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and by the great continental church organ, the 'Univers,' are clamouring for the suppression of classical studies in the public schools and colleges. Virgil, say they, was a pagan, and Horace a pagan, and Cicero a pagan; and the holy men are horrified at the idea of causing the writings of the heathens to be studied by the youth of a Christian country. Homer, and Æschylus, and Sophocles, they add, came into the world before Christ; *argal*, it will bring Christian juveniles to perdition to learn the language in which they wrote. After demolishing these abominable pagans, and making an *auto-da-fé* of their works, the clergy, I understand, intend, from the same enlightened regard for Christianity, to kick all Asia out of the earth, as its different nations still cling to religious superstitions which existed previous to A.D. 1. And whilst modern literature is thus being assailed in its foundation by the men of bell, book, and candle, the government, on its part, continues its crusade against it with even increased vigour. A tax on paper is to be inflicted; in other terms, literature is to be compelled to pay a tax of 400,000*l.* a year.

In England there has, if I mistake not, always been a tax on paper; but it has always been one of the most unpopular imposts, and has done immense damage to literary enterprise. In France no such tax has ever existed, and the imposition will not only be most unpopular, but will be almost ruinous to literature. Fancy the producers of books and periodicals being called on, all at once, to pay the enormous sum of 400,000*l.* in the course of a year, and to continue to pay it annually henceforth for ever. They cannot do it, evidently; it is impossible. They could not have done it years ago, when, under the late king, France enjoyed unexampled prosperity, and literature in particular flourished right gloriously; as well call on them for the moon as to demand it now, when the capital embarked in literary enterprise has been woefully diminished by political convulsions, and when, from revolutions in the past, and uncertainty in the future, and above all, from oppressive and iniquitous laws, enterprise is almost null, and



literature is drooping. "But the publishers," it is said, "can throw the burden on the public by increasing their prices." This is an absurdity; they can do nothing of the kind. The public will spend no more in books than it does now; if prices be increased, it will cease to purchase.

In the firm conviction that the new tax will be ruinous to literature, several of the principal Paris publishers seriously think of transferring their establishments to Brussels or London; and others declare that they will cause any books they may produce to be printed and published in Belgium, and then imported into France. It is frightful to contemplate the number of printers, bookbinders, and others, who would be thrown out of employment by the execution of such designs. As to the paper-makers, they are in perfect dismay; as not only will they have to sustain an immense diminution in the demand for paper for the home market, but are menaced with the partial loss of their exports, which have hitherto been very considerable. Paper-making, in fact, is one of the staple industries of France; and the United States, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Brazil, Chili, and even China, ay, and England herself too, are amongst the countries which purchase large quantities every year.

It has become quite a regular practice for French authors and publishers to place a notification in all works of importance that translations of them must not be undertaken without permission, under pain of the pecuniary penalties fixed by the recent literary treaties. Not having the pleasure of seeing very many new publications from England, I know not whether our authors and publishers have got into the way of doing the same thing; but, if not, they would certainly do well to begin at once. The announcement is necessary to secure the advantages of the treaties. It will, besides, enable the author to choose his own translator, or, at least, to ascertain that he is perfectly competent. This is no mean consideration, as heretofore translations have almost always been confided to incapable hands. In England especially men seem to have been employed to interpret French who know as much of the language as they do of Chinese. To translate well, it is not sufficient to read French with the occasional help of a dictionary, or even to be able to gabble a few score phrases; but it requires a thorough grammatical knowledge of the language and literature, and an intimate acquaintance with the people. Men thus qualified are not very numerous, and will, it is true, require higher remuneration than it is the present custom to give. But it is a question whether respectable publishers are not bound to employ them, no matter what the cost, especially as there is now the same copyright in a translation as in an original work.

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